

Noreen - Continued.

knocked off".

"What else do you see Susie?"

Susie. "I see a long long hill to climb - a long long hill! Let me look at yo hand honey - Here's love, here's ambition. Your heart will lead, but my! Yo is fond of luxury, and an easy time, but sho as yo life Miss yo has a long long hill to climb."

Constance. "Nonsense Susie! You will scare her to death! That long long hill is the toboggan slide. I hear Jamie's call this minute (and she answers the yodle-like summons from without by an answer from within.)

Constance. (Calls)"William, open the door for Jamie Buchanan"  
"Now, Noreen - for our toboggan togs"  
(Jamie is ushered in. He is undoubtedly country born and bred, very wholesome to look at, but very shy) "Hello Jamie! Well! How you have grown. I tell you it is grand to see a real boy again."  
"Noreen, let me introduce Jamie Buchanan, Miss Noreen Robertson - Jamie Buchanan"(Susie takes out tea things)

Jamie Buchanan. "How do you do Miss Robertson. Glad to see you home again Constance!"(Stands in awkward silence till he spys Mrs. Hawthorne)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Come over here Jamie. How is your mother?  
Jamie - Thank her for inviting the girls over for supper. I am very pleased to let them go. I want them to have a good holiday Jamie, and I can depend on you to help."  
(The girls are by this time undoing the parcel on the sofa and trying on caps and sweaters. Priscilla McGirr comes in from the hall with an armful of more practical looking woollens. In the struggle to release the shawl strap, a Ouija Board slips out and



Noreen - Continued.

knocked off".

"What else do you see Susie?"

Susie. "I see a long long hill to climb - a long long hill! Let me look at yo hand honey - Here's love, here's ambition. Your heart will lead, but my! Yo is fond of luxury, and an easy time, but she as yo life Kiss yo has a long long hill to climb."

Constance. "Nonsense Susie! You will scare her to death! That long long hill is the toboggan slide. I hear Jamie's call this minute (and she answers the yodle-like summons from without by an answer from within.)

Constance. (Calls) "William, open the door for Jamie Buchanan"  
"Now, Noreen - for our toboggan togs"  
(Jamie is ushered in. He is undoubtedly country born and bred, very wholesome to look at, but very shy) "Hello Jamie! Well! How you have grown. I tell you it is grand to see a real boy again."  
"Noreen, let me introduce Jamie Buchanan, Miss Noreen Robertson - Jamie Buchanan" (Susie takes out tea things) *for you remember my tales you about the caps when you was a wee lassie*

Jamie Buchanan. "How do you do Miss Robertson. Glad to see you home again Constance!" (Stands in awkward silence till he spies Mrs. Hawthorne) *Still looking at you that way*

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Come over here Jamie. How is your mother?"  
Jamie - "Thank her for inviting the girls over for supper. I am very pleased to let them go. I want them to have a good holiday Jamie, and I can depend on you to help."

(The girls are by this time undoing the parcel on the sofa and trying on caps and sweaters. Priscilla McGirr comes in from the hall with an armful of more practical looking woollens. In the struggle to release the shawl strap, a Ouija Board slips out and

*Constance! Thank you Jamie now the girls starting!*



Mrs. Hawthorne - continued.

rolls with a clatter on the floor)

William. "Fo de Lawd's sake, what dat Miss Constance?

Noreen. "Oh William! That's a Ouija Board, and William, it tells you all about the living and brings you messages from the dead:

William. (Scared to death) "I've seed the picture of one in Eaton's Catalogue! Brings back messages from de daid? I tell you there is a heap of messages I'd like to get just now, but today I'd rather hear from the living than the daid - But still, Ise ben reading about Sir Oliver Lodge, and the Twentieth Plane, and the Angel at Mons, and the Three Horsemen and the Choir Invisible" -

Constance. "Put it away Noreen, I am sure Grandmother would not like William or Susie to try it".

William. "Ask her if I can Miss Constance - I've been hearing a lot of things lately and I'd like to be up to date on this spirit business, like the Mistress!

Noreen. "Does she believe in this?"

William. (Shocked) "No! She gets messages <sup>from the dead</sup> ~~from the dead~~ another way. You know they is her guardian angels - and she says when we need messages from our ~~loved~~ <sup>loved</sup> ones who have passed over, that Love will find a way - Love never dies (she says) Oh no! she does not believe in the things folks is doing nowadays. She sholy walks with God! Look at her now, I speck she is telling Jamie about our bran new calf".

Constance. "William, have we got a calf?" *You didn't tell me that*

William. *What a stupid John* "Ofcourse we have, and that was to be a surprise when you went hunting for fresh eggs in the mawmin, but I was so excited over this board, I blabbed it out: "



Mrs. Hawthorne - continued.

rolls with a clatter on the floor)

William. "Fo de Lawd's sake, what dat Miss Constance?

Noreen. "Oh William! That's a Ouija Board, and William, it tells you all about the living and brings you messages from the dead!"

William. (Scared to death) "I've seed the picture of one in Eaton's Catalogue! Brings back messages from de daid? I tell you there is a heap of messages I'd like to get just now, but today I'd rather hear from the living than the daid - but still, Ise ben reading about Sir Oliver Lodge, and the Twentieth Plane, and the Angel at Mons, and the Three Horsemen and the Choir Invisible" -

Constance. "Put it away Noreen, I am sure Grandmother would not like William or Susie to try it".

William. "Ask her if I can Miss Constance - I've been hearing a lot of things lately and I'd like to be up to date on this spirit business, like the Mistress.

Noreen. "Does she believe in this?"

William. (Shocked) "No! She gets messages from the dead another way. You know <sup>she is just this</sup> ~~they~~ is her guardian angels - and she says when we need messages from our loved ones who have passed over, that Love will find a way - Love never dies (she says) Oh no! she does not believe in the things folks is doing nowadays. She sholy walks with God! Look at her now, I speck she is telling Jamie about our bran new calf".

Constance. "William, have we got a calf?" *you didn't tell me*

William. *Oh what a stupid I am*  
"Ofcourse we have, and that was to be a surprise when you want hunting for fresh eggs in the mawmin, but I was so excited over this board, I blabbed it out."



Constance (Goes over to her grandmother)

"grandmother, William tells me we have a brand new calf, and what else Grandmother?" (petting her)  
"You are such a pet! Come on darling upstairs with me for a minute, but before you go dear, you won't mind Eoreen showing Jamie and William how to work the Ouija Board? It is such fun Grandmother dear."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "No Constance, if they only have fun with it, but look at William's face now! (William stands over the Ouija board in terrified contemplation) "He is so much a child, with the imagination of a child, and the superstition of his race as well."  
(Mrs. Hawthorne and Constance go out)

Eoreen. (At a sign from Constance)  
"Sit down William and place your hands here. Now go ahead - who would you like to speak to?"

William. <sup>Good</sup>  
"Ise bothered all day and so is Marse Hawthorne, and I'd like to speak to Marse Hawthorne and ask him if all dis fambly am well, but since I heard dat nigger of McOutcheons talk about de wee gee board, Ise afraid of it. He says dat dey gets all sorts of messages from de wee gesses, but he's a liar, for he says "We won de war! when he talks like dat I feel like I want to gag him! "

Eoreen. "Sit down William, and place your hands here - now go ahead, ask for Mr. Hawthorne".

William. "Marse Hawthorne is yo dere?"

Eoreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes!"

William. "Is - yo - sho - yo is dere Marse Hawthorne?"

Eoreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes! "



Constance (Goes over to her grandmother)  
"Grandmother, William tells me we have a bran new calf, and what else Grandmother?" (Petting her)  
"You are such a pet! Come on darling upstairs with me for a minute, but before you go dear, you won't mind Noreen showing Jamie and William how to work the Ouija Board? It is such fun Grandmother dear."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "No Constance, if they only have fun with it, but look at William's face now! (William stands over the Ouija board in terrified contemplation)  
"He is so much a child, with the imagination of a child, and the superstition of his race as well."  
(Mrs. Hawthorne and Constance go out)

Noreen. (At a sign from Constance)  
"Sit down William and place your hands here.  
Now go ahead - who would you like to speak to?"

William. "Ise bothered all day and so is Miss Hawthorne, and I'd like to speak to Marse Hawthorne and ask him if all dis fambly am well, but since I heard that nigger of McCutcheons talk about de wee gee board, Ise afraid of it. He says dat dey gets all sorts of messages from de wee geeses, but he's a liar, for he says "We won de war! when he talks like dat I feel like I want to gag him!"

Noreen. "Sit down William, and place your hands here - now go ahead, ask for Mr. Hawthorne".

William. "Marse Hawthorne is yo dere?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes!

William. "Is - yo - sho - yo is dere Marse Hawthorne?

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes."



Susie. (Who has been watching the proceedings in unfeigned terror)  
"Fo de Lawd's Sake! Look how his hands are trembling!  
Is yo sho Miss Noreen dat Marse Hawthorne am dere?"  
*Push back Susie*

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes."

William. "Marse Hawthorne, is all yo fambly well?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - yes."

William. "Yes - it - says - Yes. Well, Ise glad to hear dat, cause all day Miss Hawthorne, she's getting messages and Ise kind of feeling myself that something was wrong - Fo de Lawd's Sake! I feel mighty queer!"

Noreen. *(Never mind how you feel)*  
"Is there anyone else you would like to speak to William?"

William. "Indeed there is Miss. Ever since McCutcheon's niggah tole me dat dey won de war - he comes from New York - Ise been bothered like - I would like to ask Marse Lincoln who won de war. He would tell de trufe.

Noreen. "All right William, ask to speak to Mr. Abraham Lincoln."

William. "I like to do dat. Marse Lincoln I like to speak to yo Sir, if you please."

Noreen. "That's right William."

William. "Is yo dere Marse Lincoln?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes!"

William. "Marse Lincoln who won de war?"

Jamie. (Comes hurriedly to table and exclaims)  
"Oh let me try."

*Noreen - No don't you touch it -*  
*Jamie - It won't hurt me Miss Robertson 71*



To me that onion board is just some  
rubbish - what I read in Ulster Lodges  
speech I felt like throwing up my  
cap and shouting -  
Why would anyone bother with any speech  
that the so-called spirit have  
given to the world - hush say I.



Susie. (Who has been watching the proceedings in unfeigned terror)  
"Fo de Lawd's Sake! Look how his hands are trembling!  
Is yo sho Miss Koreen dat Marse Hawthorne am dere?"  
*Push - Look more*  
Koreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes."

William. "Marse Hawthorne, is all yo fambly well?"

Koreen. "Yes - it - says - yes".

William. "Yes - it - says - Yes! Well, Ise glad to hear dat,  
cause all day Miss Hawthorne, she's getting  
messages and Ise kind of feeling myself that  
something was wrong - Fo de Lawd's Sake! I feel  
mighty queer!"

*never mind how you feel.*  
Koreen. "Is there anyone else you would like to speak to  
William?"

William. "Indeed there is Miss. Ever since McCutcheon's niggah  
tole me dat dey won de war - he comes from New York -  
Ise been bothered like - I would like to ask  
Marse Lincoln who won de war. He would tell de trufe."

Koreen. "All right William, ask to speak to Mr. Abraham  
Lincoln."

William. "I like to do dat! Marse Lincoln I like to speak to  
yo Sir, if you please."

Koreen. "That's right William."

William. "Is yo dere Marse Lincoln?"

Koreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes!"

William. "Marse Lincoln who won de war?"

Jamie. (Comes hurriedly to table and exclaims)  
"Oh let me try".

*how - no doubt you touch it.*



Janie - It won't hurt me Miss R.  
So me chat O.T. is yrat  
pure Rubbish -  
Bosh Say 2.



Mrs. Hawthorne - Continued.

"Be with him oh Lord" I said.

On that very night, and at that very minute, my brother was in danger of being swept over the Alkali Cliffs! The wind began to blow, and the sheep invariably moved by the wind, began to travel fast towards the cliff - My brother on Burr's back was being swept before them. I thought of you, and immediately I heard the words "Send the dog over their backs, tell him to kill the Bell Wether". I did and the sheep turned to follow the movements of the dog!"

Jamie.

"Mother has always wanted you to tell me about that Mrs. Hawthorne, thank you very much."

Mrs. Hawthorne.

"Yes Jamie, your mother knows I have heard my children call to me when we were separated by land and sea. I have heard them call from the Spirit Land - their precious messages have not been brought to me by strangers. Love has ever been the messenger, and Love will find a way."

Jamie.

"Tell us some more".

Mrs. Hawthorne.

"Not today Jamie, I must be listening for their call. 'Tis time for your slide, so off you go."

Constance.

"... Grandmother ..."

Noreen.

"Thank you Mrs. Hawthorne."

Mrs. Hawthorne.

"Jamie, do not trust to the old slide, the











SANTA FILOMENA

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words and deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp  
The starved and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle-plain  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo, in that House of Misery  
A Lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow as in a dream of bliss  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went.  
The light shone and was spent.

A lady with a Lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good  
Heroic Womanhood.





# COMPOSITIONS





The Manager

and General Manager







de [illegible] [illegible]  
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

2

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]  
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]  
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]  
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]  
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Mr [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]  
[illegible] - [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]  
[illegible] [illegible] -











1. The importance of the work of the church is  
increasing. It is a matter of life and death.

The church must be a living organism, not a  
dead shell. It must be able to adapt itself to the  
changing conditions of the world. It must be able to  
meet the needs of the people. It must be able to  
bring about the Kingdom of God on earth.

The church must be a community of love and  
unity. It must be a place where people can find  
comfort and support. It must be a place where  
people can grow and develop.

The church must be a place of prayer and  
worship. It must be a place where people can  
communicate with God. It must be a place where  
people can experience the power of God.

The church must be a place of service and  
mission. It must be a place where people can  
help others. It must be a place where people can  
share the Gospel.

The church must be a place of hope and  
faith. It must be a place where people can  
believe in the future. It must be a place where  
people can live with purpose and meaning.



and the same person who has  
told the world that the  
the same thing for the first time  
has been

and the same person who has  
told the world that the  
the same thing for the first time  
has been

and the same person who has  
told the world that the  
the same thing for the first time  
has been





When the horses are getting up to  
feeding time - usually 10:30 to 11:00  
in the morning - bring some of the

corn - better in morning than in evening

Feed young horses some grain - but  
not good grain for them - only the

best - they will eat a very little of the  
corn - but they will eat a great deal of the

corn - and they will eat a great deal of the  
corn - and they will eat a great deal of the

corn - and they will eat a great deal of the  
corn - and they will eat a great deal of the

corn - and they will eat a great deal of the  
corn - and they will eat a great deal of the

corn - and they will eat a great deal of the  
corn - and they will eat a great deal of the

corn - and they will eat a great deal of the  
corn - and they will eat a great deal of the

corn - and they will eat a great deal of the  
corn - and they will eat a great deal of the

the mother of the little girl who was found in the  
hospital

was very kind and the doctor was very kind  
and the little girl was very kind and the  
mother was very kind and the doctor was very kind  
and the little girl was very kind and the mother was very kind  
and the doctor was very kind and the little girl was very kind

the mother of the little girl who was found in the  
hospital was very kind and the doctor was very kind  
and the little girl was very kind and the mother was very kind  
and the doctor was very kind and the little girl was very kind  
and the mother was very kind and the doctor was very kind  
and the little girl was very kind and the mother was very kind

the mother of the little girl who was found in the  
hospital was very kind and the doctor was very kind  
and the little girl was very kind and the mother was very kind  
and the doctor was very kind and the little girl was very kind  
and the mother was very kind and the doctor was very kind  
and the little girl was very kind and the mother was very kind

















Grubbs. Tell him, <sup>not</sup> off to the <sup>map</sup> 2nd. He just  
wanted to go and among the last 2 children  
left. He said that with the rest of it  
he has bought the Boston location  
and they both have descriptions too.  
That one of the two records in our  
pocket of the 1st 1st lot. and we  
have the 2nd 2nd lot.

Now let of the Room do you mean  
the Publishing Company? Is that what  
you said.

Emerson. Yes that is what I said. Now  
that is what I mean. He is in the  
middle, instead of the other side.  
He is the 1st 1st lot. I said the 2nd 2nd lot.  
He is the 1st 1st lot. I said the 2nd 2nd lot.  
He is the 1st 1st lot. I said the 2nd 2nd lot.

Grubbs. But I am not sure if the  
Room is the same. I said the 2nd 2nd lot.  
He is the 1st 1st lot. I said the 2nd 2nd lot.  
He is the 1st 1st lot. I said the 2nd 2nd lot.

My dear home - yes dear

Constance - Well you know how I  
have a new little girl we want to  
go up the lake every year on the  
Steamer <sup>Algonquin</sup> Lake and  
perhaps you will have to pay  
the car the second winter and send  
the money into the children I got a  
little pin to be made for me  
After that I went every day for an  
hour on the street corner I said every  
day I found it the only <sup>the only</sup> <sup>the only</sup>  
journey to take for <sup>the only</sup> <sup>the only</sup>  
me

My dear home I am much up of you I am  
very much yours

Constance Mary who with her father and mother  
the son - father and mother I am  
I am to be the first of the family  
I am to be the first of the family





~~Indians~~ - I tell you I'm pretty tired in  
all her friends. ~~Indians~~ brought me  
up from the inside of the house -

Three - I'm a very friendly fellow and I  
to myself. It's just a team. I'm not  
with the world. I'm not a sailing  
the world. I'm not a sailing  
quite a bit. I'm not a sailing

It's just a team. I'm not a sailing  
to a team. I'm not a sailing  
getting them. I'm not a sailing  
I'll show you how I'm not a sailing

Love. I'm a team. I'm not a sailing  
a team. I'm not a sailing  
I'm not a sailing  
I'm not a sailing  
I'm not a sailing  
I'm not a sailing  
I'm not a sailing  
I'm not a sailing

Indians. I'm not a sailing. I'm not a sailing.

Indian to death, that long long bill in  
content the tohogan side I have seen  
~~the~~ the two people land the answer  
the people-side answer you about to  
about the tohogan side I have seen  
the love for Johna Buchanan "now"  
Dorian for the tohogan side I have  
is should be in a wonderful way  
love and had very handsome blood  
at but very strong) Well, I will tell  
how you have gone. Tell you I  
can't see a real boy after  
the tohogan side I have seen  
Buchanan, the tohogan side I have  
the tohogan side I have seen the tohogan  
Johna Buchanan. How do you like the tohogan  
Robertson, that was your tohogan  
again (Robertson) (I think it is a tohogan  
side) tell the tohogan side I have seen  
the tohogan side I have seen the tohogan

Dear Mother (How is your father James has  
kindness of her for sending the girls over  
for supper I am very pleased to  
let them go - I want them home  
a good holiday James said I can  
depend on your help - James has  
the girls and by this time nothing is  
in the way - with regard to the  
society. The ladies of the house in place  
the hall with an account of the  
franchise looking forward to the  
to be done in the next week or so  
and after that will be with  
the hall on 2nd floor

William to the Canada estate what  
was the amount  
James will be a long time  
William I think you will be long  
and from your manager from the  
William (Canada estate) for what the  
franchise



William I was in London Catalogue!  
(continued) George took messages from the Lord  
I tell you there is a heap of messages  
it takes to get just now - but today, it  
takes time from the saying than the  
deeds - but still, I am <sup>here</sup> making out  
the blue ledger, and he looked at me  
and he said, "I know and I know  
you know and the inevitable things  
happen - but I may know I am some  
what different. What sort of life follows  
in some things?"

William - I am sure of it you know I am  
certainly sure I am having a lot  
of things to do, and I am sure I am  
not to do the things that I am  
like the others. I

from the the others in the  
William - I am sure of it you know I am  
certainly sure I am having a lot  
of things to do, and I am sure I am  
not to do the things that I am  
like the others. I



And now I am writing to you  
in a minute, but I hope you  
will see you will be able to  
understand me. I am not  
writing the longer I write  
as I am poor





you be the answer

William and my messenger, but he  
wondered how you be saying that we were  
the same when he talks like that  
I feel like I want to go to  
make it from William with please  
you know how we go ahead  
but for the Hawthorne

William Main Hawthorne is for the  
person you are saying you  
Hawthorne is for the person  
Hawthorne

more you are saying you  
more you can have anything to say  
in my opinion (what) to the same like  
but you be the same in the same way  
the same way like more Hawthorne  
the same way

more you are saying you  
William Main Hawthorne is all of family  
will

more you are saying you

William - 1/20 4 - 1000 - you will see that  
it was not done all day this  
morning, the cutting machine and  
the hand of John Wiggall that  
something was very late to do  
when I feel tonight much.

Robert - to the machine that the most like  
to speak to William.

William - indeed there is no reason to  
show the machine again. He is not  
the same as the one from the first  
but the last one is - I would like  
to get the machine also now the  
year in world the in time.

Robert - the machine is not the same as  
the machine from.

William - I like to see the machine again.  
The report of the machine of the machine.

Robert - the machine and William  
William - the machine from the machine  
Robert - the machine of the machine.



Holliston, Maine. December 28th. The snow is now?  
Janet (comes humbly class and speaking) 10th.  
Get no toy?

June 28th. 1871. I want to speak to Helen &  
Get no chance.

Whitney (apparently visiting here) & L. H. have  
found (looking out beyond) the situation here.  
The streets are crowded with people and  
the people that they are doing it. I  
just saw the day, that some of the  
people are interested in.

Holliston, Maine. January 1st. 1872. I have been  
very much interested in the people here.  
I have been all over the city and  
I have seen a lot of people. I have  
seen a lot of people. I have seen a lot  
of people. I have seen a lot of people.  
I have seen a lot of people. I have  
seen a lot of people. I have seen a lot  
of people. I have seen a lot of people.

Holliston, Maine. January 1st. 1872. I have been  
very much interested in the people here.  
I have been all over the city and  
I have seen a lot of people. I have  
seen a lot of people. I have seen a lot  
of people. I have seen a lot of people.

Holliston, Maine. January 1st. 1872. I have been  
very much interested in the people here.  
I have been all over the city and  
I have seen a lot of people. I have  
seen a lot of people. I have seen a lot  
of people. I have seen a lot of people.



Love you very much but things seem  
harder & harder  
I wish you could be here if we can  
stand the weather  
I've been told to come back to  
the room though I don't like the  
place either  
When you are good enough to  
hear from I'll write you soon  
I'll be home again - you remember the  
night I wrote you from the  
cabin at the station

My dear father I'm so glad to hear  
from you and I hope you're  
well. I'll be home soon. I'll be home  
soon - I'll be home soon

Love you always  
about that too  
I'll be home soon. I'll be home soon  
I'll be home soon. I'll be home soon  
I'll be home soon. I'll be home soon



A long time ago when I was a young  
woman I went away ~~for a while~~  
I had not been away very long  
when my young father in law  
told me of a certain folk  
and said that your country. I cannot  
leave without you and said I can  
never forget you. What to do  
with the boy was the question.  
That night Mr. Butler, a sheep herder  
was going back to his home and  
with him went my father to his  
sheep and back on the open prairie  
he needed that. For weeks after he  
went away I was awakened by a  
cry which sprang from my heart  
I called out for help and said I was  
what he is on the prairie that very  
night and at that very moment my  
father was in danger of being  
killed once the whole of the



Wednesday and Love will find a way  
to see - Tell us some more  
Don't forget today, because I must  
be listening for your call  
We have for you that to go  
in the light of the sun - that's how  
I feel. I wish you were here  
Don't forget to write to me  
old state, the water in the  
lake, and I hope you and  
you all have a good time  
I hope you will be happy  
I will be waiting for you  
when you get home, good night  
Love - (write the house to you  
and then I will go to the  
door with you (but don't forget  
to write to me) I will be waiting for  
you. I will be waiting for you  
I will be waiting for you  
I will be waiting for you



the other day dropped by the - from Henry, Co. Mass.  
to the table land. Optima aliquam  
and - and it is to be seen - the  
completely - the - and  
right in a -

A man - learned very all the -  
Never learned very all the -  
and that part - what I - that  
be - in the - -  
- - the man - who is -  
the -

Following Saturday - the man -  
Today - the - the -  
very - the - the -  
the - the -  
and - if - away -  
ways from the - the -  
to the - the -  
they - the -  
the - the -  
find it up - the -  
have - the - the -  
you - you - it -  
the - well

William - Yes all of that day was very bright  
thence to much dampness, all the  
we had the wind  
Thunder - Thunder!

William (continues with her name full of baby  
clothes which she carries (singly) each thing  
~~little~~ there are the little clothes  
you remember the day he was born at  
the top of the little bed the same one  
like for his father by and found  
you remember William how you said  
when you came home from Grand  
father's house he was such a  
beautiful woman they say about  
a little child - child - child -  
William - I am now thinking of that  
little one from so long ago - thinking  
of you & I

William - I am now thinking of that  
little one from so long ago - thinking  
of you & I  
William - I am now thinking of that  
little one from so long ago - thinking  
of you & I  
William - I am now thinking of that  
little one from so long ago - thinking  
of you & I

Every morning I feel all day I seem to feel  
the heavy hands about my face and lips  
hot hands - till day I seem to feel as if  
the body laid against my head, close  
against my head, that dear little thing  
born to my life - but you -  
~~now he is quite out of the world &~~  
~~has brought the little speaking with~~  
~~himself~~ - ~~where is he~~  
Remember what we did today - nearly  
nothing but we were to be married  
yesterday. The dance tonight was very nice.  
Mother & father & William & his wife were  
very much in the way & we had a good  
time in the morning. Mother & father  
were just told in the evening that  
you had a very fine picture of  
William and the house house.  
William was in the picture and his  
sister & brother. Father & mother were  
also in the picture. The picture was  
very nice. The picture was very nice.  
The picture was very nice. The picture was very nice.





Geo. G. Nasmith

THE MESSAGE

by

Emma Scott Nasmith

"Spirit with Spirit can meet,  
closer are they than breathing,  
nearer than hands or feet."

Alfred Tennyson.



Mrs. Elizabeth Hawthorne	
Constance Hawthorne . . . . .	her granddaughter
<del>Morse Robertson . . . . .</del>	<del>Constance's school friend</del>
Priscilla McGirr . . . . .	Niece and companion to Mrs. Hawthorne
<del>Susie Sweets . . . . .</del>	<del>Mrs. Hawthorne's housemaid</del>
William Ringo . . . . .	Family servant-man and boy for fifty years
<del>Frank Robinson . . . . .</del>	<del>A Neighbor's son</del>

The scene is laid in Mrs. Hawthorne's home in *Am. P. & Canada*  
*Town* ~~Canada~~ at the present time.

## THE MESSAGE

Twilight in Mrs. Hawthorne's living room. It is simply furnished, (on the right is a couch before the fire. Behind the couch a wood box, an oval centre-table in centre and at the left side an old fashioned sofa against the wall.

Right door opens into scullery leading into kitchen, left hand door opens into hall leading outside. Lattice windows between the doors have dainty chintz curtains, flowering bulbs fill the entire length of the window. A chair on either side of window between the doors - the colors of mauve and gray predominate)

Mrs. Hawthorne, a dainty fragile old lady over seventy enters the room. She is dressed in a quaint flowered silk, with rare old lace at her throat and wrists. She seems to be listening to someone invisible.

Mrs. Hawthorne: "Yes dear, I hear you calling. Tell your mother what is wrong! (She goes over to the window, draws the curtain aside and looks out, arranges the flowers on the window sill, waters some from a watering can on the floor near by. William puts his head in the door to right of stage and with an understanding nod withdraws.) Priscilla, Priscilla!

Priscilla: (enters) "Yes Auntie."

Mrs. Hawthorne: I wish you would go down to the post office and see if there is any mail.

Priscilla: But I was there this morning Auntie!

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, but you said the train from the North was not in.

Priscilla: Are you expecting a letter?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, I feel today I should get a message. All day someone has been calling to me. (Again William's head appears at the scullery door and then he hums)

William: Ben my little soul's gwine to shine. Ien my little soul's . . . .

Priscilla: All right Auntie, I will go on down to the Post Office. The train may be late so be sure and have Susie bring in your tea if I am not back in time.



The Message - 2

(William's head again appears in the scullery door and a tap is heard)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Come in, William.

William: (An old negro enters - he carries in his hand a cap, evidently filled with eggs by the care exercised - putting it down on the little table in front of Mrs. Hawthorne, he carefully puts on a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, and after examining an egg closely, he says) Look, Miss Hawthorne! Dat's the old spec's egg! (Chuckling) She's got busy again - Yes, dat's her egg. Looks to me as if three more of them is earning their board and ~~keep~~ and keeping down the high cost of living. Look at them beauties! (lays eggs in Mrs. Hawthorne's lap) - Yes, and I sez to myself - Miss Hawthorne will be glad to know that Daisy's got the ~~dandiest~~ <sup>finest</sup> little calf I ever saw, for sures you live Miss Hawthorne, when I goes into the barn this mawnin' there's ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> finest little red heifer snuggled up close to Daisy's side and things ~~Sutnly~~ <sup>Sutnly</sup> is lookin' un!

Susie:

(Enters with a tea tray, and after motioning to William to take his cap off the table, places the tray on the little table and elevating her eyebrows at William, speaks)  
William, yo better be lookin' down instead of up - see yo feet, all over dirt, ~~coming in~~  
~~here bothering the mistress with ye barn talk!~~  
(She gathers up the eggs and <sup>begins to</sup> flounces out of the room) *but William, expostulating, makes her give him the eggs)*  
*Don't be butt the mistress with ye*

Mrs. Hawthorne: Ssh Susie!

William, you gave Daisy the warm stall last night?

William: → Yes, Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne: And you didn't forget the bedding?

William: > No, Miss Hawthorne, I left her snug as a bug last night and she is very comfortable now.

Mrs. Hawthorne: William, you remember that Miss Constance comes home tonight for her holidays - She is bringing one of her school friends from the city - Take the double cutter and the big bear's robe when you go to the Depot to meet them.

William: Ise got them all ready, Miss Hawthorne. Ise going to give them a good drive around by the old mill - You know that was always a favorite

The Message - 3

*to show*  
~~ride of my little Missy's, and she will like~~  
~~to show her friend from the city the ice~~  
piled up at the dam. McOutcheon's nigger  
says it is piled up twenty-five feet high,  
but I ~~know~~ *know* it, ~~is~~ about ten ~~feet~~. Yes, I'll  
show her de town. (William goes out humming -)  
Den my little soul's gwine to shine . . .

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Sits silent for awhile, then ~~we hear her say~~)  
Yes darling, I hear you calling to me all the  
long day! What is wrong dear? Tell your Mother -  
she is listening. (Pours out her tea and sips  
it, apparently listening to voices we cannot  
hear).

William: (Enters with an armful of wood, and carefully  
puts it stick by stick in the wood box). Did  
Miss Triscilla go out, Miss Hawthorne?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I sent her to the Post Office  
to see if there was any mail.

William: *Myself!*  
I was there this mornin', Miss Hawthorne. Is  
yo worried about anything?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I have been looking for news all  
day. I seem to hear someone calling me!



William:

Well now, dat's strange, Miss Hawthorne, but I seems to feel like dat myself. ~~I does too~~, but I specs it is cause we is excited over Miss Constance coming home. To know I have been powerful lonely for dat little lady since she went away to school. I spose its cause I helped to raise her; ~~the~~ po little thing, she was such a little pickaninny when her maw Miss Henrietta died - I often think . . .

Susie:

*(Enters) <sup>exultantly with a telegram which she hides in her muff</sup>*  
(Enters). William, you had better be getting on; ~~with your work instead of thinking - what right have you to think, when the train's~~ whistling out at Porter's Corners; ~~and~~ such wood to bring in, when Miss Conny's coming home too!

William:

I suttin'ly am ashamed of this wood. If ~~that~~ <sup>my</sup> white nigger Johnson comes <sup>here</sup> foolin' with our woodpile, I'll break every bone in ~~his~~.

Susie:

(Teasingly). What's dat you say about Mr. Johnsing? Yo is going to be late for dat train! I heard it whistle at the cross-roads a minute ago! You just let Mr. Johnsing alone. I'll attend to Mr. Johnsing.

*(William ~~groans~~)*



The Message - 4

Mrs. Hawthorne: Hush, ~~Susie~~!

Do not worry about the wood, William.  
~~Susie, go and open the door for Miss~~  
~~Priscilla and see if she has any mail.~~  
(William goes out of scullery door.)

Priscilla: (Comes in apprehensively - she has a telegram  
in her hand which she hides in her muff, as  
Mrs. Hawthorne turns around). Well, Auntie,  
are you all right?

*Shigh bells.*

Mrs. Hawthorne: Did you get any mail at the Post Office,  
Priscilla?

Priscilla: No, Auntie.

Mrs. Hawthorne: That's strange. I have been thinking all  
day that we would get some news from the  
North. All day I seem to be getting messages  
from there.

Priscilla: I met Mrs. Buchanan at the Post Office and  
she sent her love to you, Aunt Elizabeth, and  
told me she would like you and Constance and  
her friend to go over there for supper. You  
remember you promised Jamie that he could take  
the girls tobogganing after ~~the~~ had a cup of  
tea. ~~Now, every day, that they are not out~~

Mrs. Hawthorne: Oh, yes, so I did! That would be very nice.  
~~She~~ could go ~~home~~ with Jamie. I wonder if  
~~these children have brought warm clothes to~~  
~~go tobogganing. Irisceilla, you had better go~~  
~~upstairs and look in the big chest in the~~  
~~closet off Constance's room. There you will~~  
~~find sweaters, mittens, moccasins and~~  
~~stockings. (Irisceilla rises to go.)~~  
~~Wait till you have a cup of tea (rings bell;~~  
~~Susie comes in) Susie, make a fresh pot of~~  
~~tea. Your young mistress and her friend from~~  
~~Toronto will be along in a few moments. Have~~  
~~your corn muffins ready to pop into the oven~~  
~~when you hear the bells. We will not open~~  
~~the big dining-room tonight - the children~~  
~~are invited out to supper, so spread our supper~~  
~~here as usual.~~  
Irisceilla, will you please get my slippers when  
you are upstairs? (Fantasime of Mrs. Hawthorne  
listening by the fire).

Constance:

(The door is quietly pushed open and Constance  
comes in on tiptoe and covers her grandmother's  
eyes with her hands.) Grandmother, darling,  
here I am home at last! (Throwing her arms  
around her grandmother she hugs and kisses her

covered over with fluff. Because of dear you

The Message - 5

repeatedly).

(~~Enter Noreen.~~)

Constance: Oh, excuse me, Grandmother, may I introduce my friend Noreen Robertson? Noreen, this is my Grandmother. Now did you ever see anything sweeter than my granny?

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Greets Noreen with old fashioned courtesy). You are very welcome dear. I hope you will enjoy yourself in our old fashioned home. Constance's friends are all waiting to give you a good time, and you will have a good time if you enjoy winter sports.

Noreen: Thank you, Mrs. Hawthorne, I am so glad to come and see you.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, come here, take off your hat. Where are your braids?

Constance: Oh, they are still there Grandmother - just covered over with fluff. Because of dear you they are still safely bound around my head. Pretty good camouflage, granny, is it not? (as her grandmother unbinds the braids) Be thankful, dear, that they are not cut

that is the prevailing epidemic in the city just now.

Hello, Cousin Briscilla. ~~Miss Briscilla~~  
~~Miss Briscilla~~, ~~Miss Briscilla~~.

(Briscilla goes *to* tea)

(William enters, piled high with bundles; he is making his way upstairs, when Constance stops him). <sup>*suitcase*</sup>  
<sup>*club bag*</sup>  
<sup>*parcel*</sup>

Constance:

William, put down those bundles and come here! Grandmother, you never saw anyone so dignified as William down at the station! Why, he hardly looked at me! Come here, William, and be properly introduced.  
~~Here, this is William, and he's the best old soul. He helped to raise me - didn't he, Grandmother? He carried me and my bundles around all his life! Just like he is doing now.~~

William:



(Grinning) ~~No! Not all my life, Miss Constance, but all ye life!~~ (Then, with a profound bow to ~~Constance~~): How do you do, Miss <sup>*Constance*</sup> ~~Constance~~. <sup>*see y' later*</sup>  
~~How do you do, Miss Constance. He is mighty welcome.~~  
~~Let me see you <sup>*most*</sup> ~~and~~ a lady or you wouldn't be here!~~  
~~Miss Constance, how do you do?~~



The Message - 6

Susie: ~~(Enters with tray for tea). Now to go,  
Miss Conny.~~

Constance: ~~(Curtseys). Here's Susie! What you got inside  
that muffin dish, Sueie? I bet a million  
dollars they're corn muffins and potato cakes!~~

Susie: Yo wins yo bet, Miss Conny, they ~~are~~ <sup>is</sup> and yo  
better get to eatin' them - they ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> turnin' cold  
from neglect. All they needs is your sweet  
lips a-tastin' 'em to make them grow hot  
again.

*Pravilla*

William (who ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> trying to get a chance to  
speak). You go and attend to yo own business -  
you better put yo horse away.

William: (Ignoring Susie). Miss Constance, I got a  
very particular message to deliver to yo.

Constance: Yes, William?

William: → Has yo got time to listen?

Constance: Yes, William.

William:

Dick Green is home from de war. You remember he was Mass Paul Romero's batman away over dere in France. He's home now and he's brought a message for you from France (going close to Constance) and he's brought a present for you.

Constance:

Hush, William - Dick Green home? - Splendid old Dick! - Uncle Eddie told me there was no holding him in the pen when the war broke out, ~~and when he heard the Cavalry Brigade was going, he became positively unoverable.~~

William:

(singing  
excited)

<sup>Yes dat's so!</sup>  
Let me out of here <sup>Dick says</sup> - I got as good a right to serve my Country as anyone! ~~Let me out of here~~ - Who's to take care of Mass Paul's horse, ~~and~~ he say I'll come back after de war is over, if I'm alive, and go back to de pen, if you want me to, but I ~~wanting~~ <sup>want</sup> to have ~~this~~ chance to prove ~~that~~ my soul is white, even if my body is black! Let's ~~true~~ <sup>did</sup>, Miss Constance, dat's ~~true~~ <sup>away</sup>, and dey let him ~~out~~ <sup>out</sup> all right and ~~he~~ <sup>he</sup> went to de ~~War~~ with de first contingent.

Constance:

~~Do you hear, Mureen? That old nigger - excuse me William - went off to the war, one of the first to go and one of the last to return. Listen, Mureen, that's not the end of it! He has brought his master's horse home and they~~

Constance:

In the Pen No more Mureen it's Constance, come

The Message - 7

both have decorations. Hooray! That's one of the war records we are proud of in this old town, and we have two V.C.s besides!

~~Moreen:~~

Out of the penitentiary? Do you mean the penitentiary, Constance? Is that what you said?

Constance:

Yes, that is what I said, and ~~that is what I mean~~. He got in there by mistake, instead of the other fellow, Uncle Eddie said, ~~and Uncle Eddie knows!~~ (William escapes through hall door. ~~William escapes through hall door.~~)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, darling, don't get so excited.

Constance:

1400 Grandmother, <sup>int.</sup> just let me tell ~~her~~ <sup>Cousin Prudence</sup> one thing more about Dick. We have known Dick all our life, haven't we, Grandmother?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, dear.

Constance:

Well, you know Mureen, when I was a wee little girl, we used to go up the lakes every year, on the "Dancy Jane" - Well, Dick was head cook on that boat, and one day . . .

Mrs. Hawthorne; Never mind that now Constance. Have another

Cur of Leg



~~Moreen:~~

No, thank you Mrs. Hawthorne, it is delicious.

Constance:

*(Susie enters with hot water)*. Come and tell our fortune, and ~~Grandmother won't strain the tea this time.~~ *(Constance goes over to William, who comes in with some more bundles)* Back from the war with news from Saul. *(Susie says as she directs him to place bundles on sofa at the left.)*

Susie, please tell Moreen's fortune first. She is so temperamental she cannot wait.

Susie:

*(Studying Moreen's cup)*. I see here a very fair person with a golden head, and something very heavy hanging over it.

Constance:

Susie, you are a witch - that's the Prince with the golden head. The Prince of Wales - and that's the crown of England he's threatened with. I believe it is hanging heavy, heavy over his golden head. We all fell in love with him in Toronto. He danced and danced with Moreen, and ever since her temperature has been sub-normal or over 100. I tell you it is



The Message - 8

pretty hard on all her friends. I have brought her up here to be cured of the Prince.

Noreen:

(In a dreamy far away tone). I don't want to be cured. He is just a dear boy. He told me he wished he was a cow-boy. He wants to have fun like other boys and he's got to be a King! I'd like to know who would want to be a King these days. They are all getting their heads knocked off.

What else do you see, Susie?

Susie:

I see <sup>her</sup> a long hill to climb - ~~a long, long hill!~~  
Let me look at you <sup>her</sup> hand, ~~here~~ - Here's love,  
here's ambition. Your heart will lead, but ~~my~~!  
You ~~are~~ fond of luxury, and an easy time, ~~but~~  
~~she as ye like Miss ye has a long, long hill~~  
~~to climb.~~

Constance:

Nonsense, ~~Susie~~! You will scare ~~her~~ to death!  
That long, long hill is the tologgan slide.  
I hear (whistle outside) Jamie's call this  
minute (and she answers the yodle-like summons  
from without by an answer from within.)  
William, open the door for Jamie Buchanan.  
This is the boy I told you about, Noreen - He's  
the eldest boy in Grey County. (Jamie is

The Message - 9

*My 1 hour time -* How you must be off to the slide: Jamie will be here in a minute with the horse and you must be ready for him

~~depending on you for help.~~ Today I am not very good company for young people <sup>to-day</sup> ~~(The girls are by this time trying on caps and sweaters.~~ Irisilla McGirr comes in from the Hall with an armful of ~~practical-looking woollens.~~ In the ~~struggle to release the~~ shawl-strap, a ouija board slips out and rolls with a clatter on the floor.)

William: Fo de Lawd's sake, what, dat, Miss Constance?

~~Noreen:~~ Oh, William! That's a Ouija Board, and William, it tells you all about the living and brings you messages from the dead!

William: (Scared to death). I've seed the picture of one in Eaton's Catalogue! Brings back messages from de daid? I tell you there is a heap of messages I'd like to get just now, but I'd rather hear from the living than the daid today. Ise ben reading about Sir Oliver Lodge, and the Twentieth Plane, and the Angels at Montreal and the Three Forsesen and the Chair Invisible -

Constance: Put it away, <sup>of de Apollon</sup> Noreen. I am sure Grandmother would not like William or ~~usie~~ to try it.

William:

Ask her if I can, Miss Constance - I've been hearing a lot of things lately and I'd like to be up to date on this spirit business, like the Mistress.

*Constance*

~~Nereen:~~

~~Does~~ <sup>doesn't</sup> she believe in this?

William:

No, ~~ah~~ <sup>away</sup> expect she's past this. ~~AL~~ heard her say ~~once~~ that Spirit with Spirit can meet. ~~AL~~ don't know exactly what she means by dat, but she does, or else she wouldn't say it. ~~AL~~ think she gets messages some other way, but I never heard her say Spirits talked to her - she <sup>certainly</sup> gets messages from the living <sup>though</sup> and she says that when we need help from the other world that Love will find a way - Oh no! Miss Hawthorne ~~does~~ <sup>isn't</sup> not believe in the things folks is <sup>about</sup> talking nowadays! ~~Look at her now! AL specs she is telling Jamie~~ ~~about~~ <sup>the things she talks about</sup> Our bran new calf. <sup>an such things interests her more</sup>

Constance:

William, have we got a calf? You didn't tell me about that.

William:

Oh, what a stoopid ah am, that was to be a surprise when you went hustling for fresh eggs in t e mownin', but ~~ah~~ was so excited over this beards ~~AL~~ went and blabbed it out.



de wee gee board, Ise afraid of it. He says dat dey gets all sorts of messages from de wee geeses, but <sup>den</sup> he's a liar, for he says: "We won de war!" When he talks like dat I feel like I want to gag him!

~~Constance~~  
~~Constance~~

<sup>here</sup>  
Sit down, William, and place your hands here. ~~Now go~~ ahead. ~~But she~~ <sup>will tell you</sup> she won the war.

William:

No, Miss ~~Horton~~, I would like to speak to Marse Hawthorne ~~first~~.

~~Constance~~  
~~Constance~~

All right, <sup>see if</sup> William, ask ~~for~~ Mr. Hawthorne <sup>will speak to you</sup>.

William:

Marse Hawthorne, is yo dere?

~~Constance~~  
~~Constance~~

Yes - it - says - yes!

William:

Is-yo-sho-yo - is dere, Marse Hawthorne?

~~Constance~~  
~~Constance~~

Yes - it - says - Yes!

Susie:

(Who has been watching the proceedings in unfeigned terror.)

For de Lawd's sake! Look how his hands are trembling! Is yo sho Miss ~~Horton~~ dat Marse Hawthorne am dere? How do you feel William? Is yo scared? (Looking under table).



The Message - 11

~~Coreen:~~ ~~Yes - it - says - yes.~~

William: Marse Hawthorne, is all yo fambly well?

*Coreen* Yes - it - says - yes.

William: Yes - it - says - Yes. Ise glad to hear dat, cause all day Miss Hawthorne, she's getting messages and Ise kind of feeling myself that something was wrong - Fo de Lawd's sake! I feel mighty queer! Yes, I guess I és scared. Don't you come too near us, Susie; you couldn't stand it!

*Coreen* Is there anyone else you would like to speak to William?

William: Indeed there is Miss. Ever since McCutcheon's niggah tole me dat dey won de war - he comes from New York - Ise been bothered like. I would like to ask Marse Abraham Lincoln who won de war. He would tell de trufe.

*Coreen* All right, William, ask to speak to Mr. Abraham Lincoln.

William: I like to do dat. Marse Lincoln, I like to speak to yo Sir, if yo please.

Constance That's right, William.

William: Is yo dere Marse Lincoln?

Constance Yes - it - says - Yes!

William: Marse Lincoln, who won de war?

Jamie: (~~Comes hurriedly to table and exclaims~~)  
~~Oh, let me try.~~

Constance ~~No, I will not let you try. This is not for you.~~

Pamella, (entering) ~~It won't hurt me, Miss Robertson. That Cuija Board is just pure imposition - when I read Sir Oliver Lodge's speech, I felt like throwing up my cap and shouting. He said he rather discouraged Cuija Boards. But Cuija Boards with automatic writers may be alright, but most~~ ~~but~~ ~~of the results, he thought,~~ were from the subconscious mind, and people were rather too prone to believe what they got from that source. Why would anyone bother with these or any speeches the so-called Spirits have given to

The Message - 12

the World? Nothing they have <sup>ever</sup> said has been worth  
a row of pins to humanity - ~~So hosh, say I!~~

~~Noreen: Have you ever tried the Ouija?~~

~~Jamie: No, I never had the chance.~~

~~Noreen: You have it now.~~

~~Jamie: Now I don't want it. . .~~

~~Susie: I know who I want to speak to when I get the chance.~~

~~Constance~~ (Apprehensively watching William). *The suppose we had better*

~~Susie: (bursting out crying). The Mistress knows . . .~~

William: (~~is~~ growing more and more excited - ~~his hands~~  
~~hammering all over the Ouija Board~~ - calls in a  
loud voice) - Marse Lincoln is yo still dere? Oh!  
Marse Lincoln what do yo - say - Who - won - de -  
war? What's dat I am spelling out?

~~Noreen:~~ (Spelling slowly). We - N-O-N - T-H-E - W-A-R.

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Entering - in a quiet voice)  
We are the dead!

William: (Jumping up from the table): Fo God's sake, who said dem words? Was dat yo Miss Hawthorne? Did you speak?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I spoke. "We are the dead", - Yes, they are the only winners of the war - They, only, died that we might live - and they have won. Put the board away Jamie.

Concen. ~~Don't touch this board.~~ I'll put it away!

William: (Trembling with excitement). Oh, Miss Hawthorne, Miss Hawthorne, Ise so excited over dat board. Please don't put it away.

Mrs. Hawthorne: There is no need to be excited, William. That bit of wood in your hands does just what you want it to do!

William: Oh Miss Hawthorne. If we <sup>only</sup> could get some message from our friends over the river?



The Message - 13

(to Constance)

Mrs. Hawthorne: I believe we can, ~~William~~. I believe that Spirit with Spirit can meet, and if we are spiritual we may receive these Spirit messages, but whether they use our language or not I am still in doubt. I never can believe that they will come in that way - No, they will - never - come - that way. But this I know, you can hear from the living even though you are separated by land and sea.

William: ~~Yes~~, I knows ~~that~~ too. I remember the night you had young Master Albert calling to you.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, go along. I hear that little calf a-calling you. ~~Now, Constance, don't go to your uncle's house,~~

Constance: ~~What was that about~~ <sup>(Well, I'm not)</sup> ~~But Grandmother, I would like to hear~~ about that, please do.

Jamie: I've always wanted to know about that, too.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Sit down children, and I will tell you, for all day I have been hearing some one call to me!

A long time ago, when I was a young woman, I

went away to Colorado. I had not been away very long when my young brother, a great tall boy of sixteen, followed me into that far country.

"I cannot live without you, Sis," he said, "and I ran away to find you." That to do with the boy was the question.

That night Mr. Yester, a sheep rancher, was going back to his ranch and with him went my brother to herd sheep, and live in the open, - for he needed that.

Two weeks after I was awakened by a cry, and springing from my bed, I called out: "Yes, dear. I am here. What do you want?"

"Help," he said.

On that very night, and at that very minute, my brother was in danger of being swept over the Alkali Cliffs! The wind began to blow, and the sheep invariably moved before the wind, began to travel fast towards the cliff - My brother on the burro's back was being swept before them. "I thought of you," said he, "and immediately I heard the words: 'Send the dog over their backs, tell him to kill the fell wether.' I did, and the sheep turned to follow the movements of the dog, and we were saved!"

Junie:

~~Thank you - Mrs. Hawthorne.~~ that is a fine illustration of telepathy. Isn't that great!

Mrs Hawthorne -

I suppose so; but to-day I have <sup>it Auntie?</sup> also been getting <sup>indefinite</sup> messages and I am wondering

The Message - 14

Constance

What do you mean by telepathy?

Priscilla

Getting messages from the living.

Constance

But you can get messages from the dead too. I have heard of many cases.

Priscilla

I have never heard of one that could not be explained by telepathy or mind-reading.

Constance

But I have. Sir Cliver Lodge believes in it, so does Conan Doyle and many others.

Priscilla

I know they do. I've read a good deal of their stuff, but it does not amount to anything. What do you think, Mrs. Hawthorne; do you believe we can get messages from the dead?

Mrs. Hawthorne:

I don't know, it doesn't seem as if it would be impossible if our ears were keen enough to hear. I often think about it, but I cannot recall ever having received a definite message from the dead - yet there are indefinite impressions, ~~visions~~, feelings that come to us sometimes that



strange feelings that come to me sometimes that I have been in touch with those who have gone before. Beyond that I cannot say.

*Priscilla*  
(triumphantly)

There you are, <sup>Constance</sup>~~Miss Mervin~~. If anybody could get messages from the dead, ~~Mrs. F. Mervin~~ <sup>Constance</sup> could. ~~Won't you tell us some more?~~

Mrs. Hawthorne: ~~Not today. I must be listening. For today~~ there is another call. 'Tis time for your slide, <sup>Constance</sup> so off you go! *I hear the bells on Jamie's horse*

<sup>Constance</sup>~~Constance~~ Thank you, Mrs. Hawthorne. *Grandmother*

Mrs. Hawthorne: <sup>Constance</sup>~~Constance~~ <sup>go on</sup>~~Jamie~~, do not trust to the old slide: the sides are rotting - ~~take care of the girls, and may you can~~ you all have a jolly time *on the log hill.*

Constance: ~~Say~~ Good-night to Grandmother <sup>Dear</sup>~~new~~ - you will be asleep ~~won't you, dear,~~ when <sup>she</sup> ~~she~~ comes home. Good night, dear. (~~and she kisses her girls and then Jamie~~). I will go to the door with you. (Exit Mrs. Hawthorne.)

*Mrs Hawthorne*

~~Constance: Ah, there's Jamie at his old tricks.~~

Priscilla: (Enters with Mrs. Hawthorne's slippers from hall door - ~~brings from litchen door with cloth which she lays for supper.~~ William follows with tray with blue dishes. Priscilla lays slippers by the fire, then comes to the table and opens telegram, and hands it to William.

→  
*William*



The Message - 15

William carefully puts on spectacles and reads in a trembling voice:)

William:

'Samuel very ill - no hope!'  
Marse Samuel very ill; no hope! How isn't that just what I asked that board? 'Is all our family well?' Dat fool ~~thing~~ <sup>it</sup> says 'yes'. Lets all it old say. ~~That board's a liar; it will go where all~~ ~~liars go. It will be~~ <sup>only</sup> good <sup>for</sup> kindling wood!

~~Susie:~~

~~Oh dear, dear, who is going to~~ <sup>will</sup> tell <sup>Auntie</sup> ~~the mistress?~~ <sup>I am</sup> ~~afraid it~~ <sup>will kill her.</sup>

William:

Nobody - she ~~done~~ knows.  
Lordy, how she do get the news befo anybody else, no need to sho her this, ~~she knows~~ <sup>only</sup> his mawmin' she said to me: "If we get ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> bad news from the North today, <sup>didn't</sup> need to tell the children, ~~William~~ <sup>it</sup> ~~will~~ <sup>will</sup> have trouble <sup>enough</sup> shuff." Dat's what she said, so I'll just put it up here till de mawmin'.

Dat fool board William - it say "Yes" when

Marie:

~~Don't you see it? It's all over!~~  
~~you eat it if all our family well!~~

William:

~~Sam, all it did say was~~ "Yes" to everything.  
Marse Samuel dangerously ill, like as not he  
is daid.

Priscilla:

Hush! Listen!

Mrs. Hawthorne:

(Enters with her arms full of baby clothes,  
which she carries lovingly)  
Look, Priscilla! These are his little clothes.  
You remember the day he was born into this life,  
the little lad who came in time for his father  
to go and preach. You remember, William, what  
you said when you came home from church?

William:

—> Sholy, I said: "Marse Hawthorne he done preach a  
wonderful <sup>powerful</sup> sermon this day, about a little child  
shall lead dem."

Mrs. Hawthorne: All day I have been thinking of that little one  
born so long ago - How long <sup>ya</sup> is it *William*?

William:

—> High on fifty years, Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne:

The little one we made such dainty garments for.  
Look, Priscilla - he must have been my first-born,  
because there did not seem to be time to do such  
things for the other ones, they came so fast . . .  
All day I seem to hear his calling; all day I  
seem to feel his chubby hands about my face, such

The Message - 16

little hot hands. All day I seem to have a restless little baby laid against my heart, tugging at my breast - that dear little child, born so long ago. This is his christening robe, ~~Priscilla~~.

Priscilla: What was that baby's name?

Mrs. Hawthorne: His - name - was - Samuel.

William: ~~Yes~~, Marse Samuel was dat baby's name.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, ~~William~~, ~~that~~ little ~~baby~~ has been in my arms all day - ~~you remember you used to sing him to sleep - I will just hold my baby in my arms till and sing him to sleep.~~

William: (Goes on quietly setting the table and humming softly): Deep River, I am going to pass over Jordan, Deep River . . .

Mrs. Hawthorne:

~~and reverently places it on the table in front~~ *he look*  
of his mistress, then he ~~and Susie~~ sits in the  
chairs ~~on~~ either side of the window. Priscilla  
sits on the footstool in front of her mistress,  
while Mrs. Hawthorne reads in a lovely quiet  
voice): In my Father's House are Many Mansions.  
~~I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am,~~  
~~there you may be also.~~

(The room has grown darker, until only Mrs.  
Hawthorne's face is seen, then all is flooded  
with a golden light. Mrs. Hawthorne stretches  
out her arms and her face shines as if trans-  
figured. She gets the message that her child  
has passed over the River.)

Slow Curtain.

The End.

---





"I have been thinking of you very much,  
and I hope you are well and happy,  
and that you are all the same."

Yours truly,  
J. Edgar Hoover



Priscilla: (enters) Yes Auntie.

Mrs. Hawthorne: I wish you would go down to the post office and see if there is any mail.

Priscilla: But I was there this morning Auntie!

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, but you said the train from the North was not in.

Priscilla: Are you expecting a letter?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, (she looks at her watch) I don't know how long someone has been calling to me. (Again William's head appears at the doorway and then he hums:)

William: Den my little soul's gwine to shine. Den my little soul's . . . .

Priscilla: All right, Auntie. I will go on down to the Post Office. The train may be late so be sure and have Susie bring in your tea if I am not back in time.

(William's head appears at the doorway door and a tap is heard)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Come in, William.

William: (He comes in and stands in the doorway, looking at his watch) I don't know how long someone has been calling to me. (Again William's head appears at the doorway and then he hums:)

Mrs. Hawthorne: William, you are taking the train with you!

William: Yes, Auntie.



3

11114: No, Miss Hawthorne, I left her snug as a bug last night and she is very comf'table now.

Billie: I've got a plan, I mean, I want to show her  
to drive around by the old mill to show Missy the  
ice piled up at the dam. McEntcheon's niggeh says  
it's about ten. Yesm I'll shew her de town.  
(Billie goes out singing -) I'll shew her de town  
gwine to shine . . .

Q. (P. 10-11) Did you see Miss Hawthorne go out? A. Yes, I saw her go out. (P. 12) Did she stick by stick in the wood box? A. Yes, I saw her do that. (P. 13) Did Miss Priscilla go out? A. Miss Hawthorne?

Missiles: (Enter) ...  
...  
...  
...  
...  
...

William: I suddenly am ashamed of this wood. If that white  
nigger belonging to me would come 'round here with that  
woodpile, I'll break every bone in his body.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Hush. Do not worry about the wood, William.  
(William goes out of scullery door.)  
Did you get any mail at the Post Office, Priscilla?

Priscilla: No. Auntie.

Mrs. Hawthorne: That's strange. I have been thinking all day that we  
could get some news from the North. Will say I seem  
to be getting messages from there.

Priscilla: I met Mrs. Hawthorne at the Post Office and she gave  
me love to you, and I'll be sure to tell her as she  
would like you and Constance to go over there for  
summer. You know that you would like to go, don't you?  
I could take some of the things after the tea & a cup  
of tea.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Oh, yes, so I did! That would be very nice. She  
could go with Jamie. Priscilla, will you please  
get my slip and then go to the Post Office? (Priscilla  
goes out. Pantomime of Mrs. Hawthorne listening  
by the fire.) (Sleigh bells)

Constance: (The door is opened and Mrs. Hawthorne comes  
in on tiptoe and looks at Constance's eyes with  
her hands.) Constance, darling, were I at home at  
last! (Throwing her arms round her granddaughter  
she hugs and kisses her repeatedly.)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, what have you got for me? Have you  
your braids?

Constance: Oh, they are still there, Grandmother - just as you  
over with fluff. Because of dear you they have still  
myself I have never let them go. I'll be sure to  
keep them, I'll be sure to keep them, I'll be sure to  
keep them. (She looks at her hands and then at her  
Grandmother.) That is the prettiest thing I have ever  
seen. I'll be sure to keep them, I'll be sure to  
keep them.

(Priscilla goes to get the mail.)

(William enters, and Mrs. Hawthorne tells him he is  
taking his own medicine, when Constance stops him.)

Constance: William, but don't those braids are gone! Grand-  
mother, you never see a girl so distressed as William  
down at the stable! Oh, he really looks at me!  
Come here, William.





## The Message

6

Constantly: 'Courage, discipline! We'll conquer the world.'  
That long hill is the toboggan slide.

Mr. Thompson: Yes, you must be off to the office. There will be  
 here in a minute with the money, and you must be  
 ready for it. You are not young girls students. You  
 young people today.

Priscilla McGirr comes in from the Hall with an animal of another animal. (In following a short scene a large animal enters and sits with a woman on the floor.)

[illegible]

the dear!

171115 : I looked at Seattle. The great the church of our 41  
Latter's Cathedral? A large dark structure that is  
modern. I said, you know, it's a group of buildings I'd  
like to get. I'd like, but I'd rather have some  
living than the other money. The last building, about  
the other side, and the Cathedral, and the  
Angels at our feet and the other buildings and the  
Choir Invisible -

last one: Put it away, Miss G. I am sure I shall  
see life William to try it.

of things lately and I'd like to be up to date on this spirit business, like the Mistress.

Distance: William, have no other children and don't tell me about them.



William: Oh, that's a special thing, that was the first time  
when you went hunting for Jack even in the 'Maverick'.  
I'll be right over this time to meet you.

Constance: (Goes over to her grandmother).  
Grandmother dear, William tells me we have a grand old  
time. The next time it is to be tomorrow. (Sitting her.)  
You won't mind me staying William here to meet the  
other boys until I can call on you with you,  
Grandmother dear.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Oh, William, if you really want to see it, let them  
go. William's been here. William's been here. The  
other boys is to be here tomorrow. He is such  
a thing, with the imagination of a child, and the  
sensitivity of his own as well. (Mrs. Hawthorne  
and Priscilla go out.)

Constance: All right William, and please your father here. So  
go ahead - who would you like to speak to?

William: Oh, Miss Hawthorne, I'll not let you go in. Miss Hawthorne.  
I'll give the word to Marse Hawthorne and let him in  
and let him in. Well, but since I heard that signal  
of Marse Hawthorne, I'll give you the word. For  
afraid of it. He says that he's got all sorts of  
business here on his hands. But he's a liar, for  
he says: "I'll be right over." And I think like that I  
feel like I want to gag him!

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, place your hands here and go ahead.  
William: I'll be right over.

Constance: No, Miss, I would like to speak to Marse Hawthorne.

William: All right, I'll be right over.

William: Marse Hawthorne, is he here?

Constance: Yes - it's yes - yes!

William: Yes - it's yes - yes!

Constance: Yes - it's yes - yes!

William: Marse Hawthorne, is he here?

Constance: Yes - it's yes - yes.

William: Yes - it's yes - yes. I'm glad to hear that, Marse  
Hawthorne, she's putting me down and  
I'm kind of excited. I'll be right over.



Mr. Miller: "Yes, William, I agree. 'The dead are dead' - but they are the only winners of the war - they, only, died that we might live - and they have won. Put the board away.

Constance: I'll put it away!

William: (Frustratedly, with outburst): Oh, Miss Hawthorne, Miss Hawthorne, I'm so excited over dat board. Please don't put it away.

Mr. Hawthorne: There is no need to be excited, William. Just sit at your desk and think about what you want to do!

William: Oh, Miss Hawthorne. If we only could get some message from our friends over de river.

Mr. Hawthorne: I believe we can. (To Constance). I believe that Spirit with Spirit can meet, and if we are spiritual we can hear from them. I don't say they will come in that way - No, they will - never - come - that way. But this I know, you can hear from the living even though you are separated by land and sea.

William: Yes, I agree with you. I remember the night you told me about the spirit of my father.

Mr. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I agree. I know that little girl who told you. (Looking down at her.)

Constance: Yes, she was that child. I would like to hear about that.

Mr. Hawthorne: Sit down for a minute and I will tell you. A long time ago, when I was a young man, I was sent to the hospital. I had not been long there when I met a young girl who was very ill.

She was very pale and thin, and she was very quiet. She was the daughter of a doctor who was very famous.

She told me that she was very lonely, and that she was very sad. She said that she was very tired and that she was very old.

She said that she was very old and that she was very tired. She said that she was very old and that she was very tired.



the dog, and we were saved!

foretell.

Priscilla:      Getting messages from the living.

Triscilla: (Pleadingly) "I'm not a doctor, I'm not a nurse. I'm not a body  
• I could be a doctor, I could be a nurse, I could be a body."

Mrs. Hawthorne: Good! Here is your real 'ris time for your slice, toonie, to give you! I got the belly and Jamie's horse.





William: Nigh on fifty years, Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne: The little one we have here seems to be a good one for. Look, Priscilla - he must have been my first-born, because there till now none of the other ones, they came so fast . . . all day I seem to hear his calling, all day I seem to feel his chubby hands about my face, such little feet. All day I seem to feel a little baby laid against my heart, tugging at my breast - that little child, born of love. This is his Christening robe.

Priscilla: What was that baby's name?

Mrs. Hawthorne: His - name - was - Samuel.

William: Marse Samuel was dat baby's name.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, but I'll sing him to sleep all day - I will just sing him to sleep.

William: (Sings in a low, soft, and tenderly):  
Deep River, I am going to pass over Jordan, Deep  
River . . .

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Sings in a low, soft, and tenderly):  
and reverently places it on the table in front of  
his mistress, then he sits in the chair at the side  
of the window, Priscilla sits on the floor in  
front of her seat, while Mrs. Hawthorne sits in  
the chair, and sings: "Deep River, I am going to  
pass over Jordan, Deep River . . ."

(The little one, now asleep, still sits in Mrs. Hawthorne's  
lap, and she sings in a low, soft, and tenderly:  
"Deep River, I am going to pass over Jordan, Deep  
River . . .")

THE END

THE END

THE END



The [illegible]  
[illegible]  
[illegible]

"Spirit with Spirit can meet,  
closer are they than breathing,  
nearer than hands or feet."

Alfred Tennyson.



Constance Hawthorne - - - - - -her granddaughter  
Noreen Robertson - - - - - - Constance's School friend  
Priscilla McGirr - - - - - - Niece and companion to  
Mrs. Hawthorne.  
Susie Smoots - - - - - - Mrs. Hawthorne's housemaid  
William Ringo - - - - - - Family servant-man and boy  
for fifty years.  
Jamie Buchanan - - - - - - A Neighbor's son.

The scene is laid in Mrs. Hawthorne's home in Canada at the present time.

## THE MESSAGE

Twilight in Mrs. Hawthorne's living room. It is simply furnished. (on the right is a couch before the fire. Behind the couch a wood box, an oval centre-table in centre and at the left side an old fashioned sofa against the wall.

Right door opens into scullery leading into kitchen, left hand door opens into hall leading outside.

Lattice windows between the doors have dainty chintz curtains, flowering bulbs fill the entire length of the window. A chair on either length of window between the doors - the colors of mauve and gray predominate. Mrs. Hawthorne, a dainty fragile old lady over seventy enters the room. She is dressed in a quaint flowered silk, with rare old lace at her throat and wrists. She seems to be listening to someone invisible.

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes dear, I hear you calling. Tell your mother what is wrong." (She goes over to the window, draws the curtain aside and looks out, arranges the flowers on the window sill, waters some from a watering can on the floor near by. William puts his head in the door to right of stage and with an understanding nod withdraws)  
"Priscilla, Priscilla!"

Priscilla (enters)- "Yes Auntie".

Mrs. Hawthorne. "I wish you would go down to the post office and see if there is any mail."

Priscilla. "But I was there this morning Auntie!"

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes, but you said the train from the North was not in."

Priscilla. "Are you expecting a letter?"

THE MESSAGE

(2)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes, I feel today I should get a message. All day someone has been calling to me."  
(Again William's head appears at the scullery door and then he hums)

William. "Den my little soul's gwine to shine. Den my little soul's.....

Priscilla. "All right Auntie I will go on down to the Post Office. The train may be late so be sure and have Susie bring in your tea if I am not back in time."  
(William's head again appears in the scullery door and a tap is heard)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Come in William."

William. (An old negro enters - he carries in his hand a cap, evidently filled with eggs by the care exercised - putting it down on the little table in front of Mrs. Hawthorne, he carefully puts on a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, and after examining an egg closely, he says)  
"Look Miss Hawthorne! Dat's the old spec's egg. (Chuckling) She's got busy again - Yes, dat's her egg. Looks to me as if three more of them is earning their board and keep, and keeping down the high cost of living. Look at them beauties! (lays eggs in Mrs. Hawthorne's lap) - Yes, and I sez to myself - Miss Hawthorne will be glad to know that Daisy's got the finest little calf I ever say' for sure's you live Miss Hawthorne, when I goes into the barn this mawmin' there's the finest little

THE MESSAGE

(3)

William -- continued --

red heifer snuggled up close to Daisy's side,  
things is lookin' up!"

Susie. (Enters with a tea tray, and after motioning to William to take his cap off the table, places the tray on the little table and elevating her eyebrows at William, speaks)  
"William, yo better be lookin' down instead of up -- see yo feet, all over dirt, coming in here bothering the mistress with yo barn talk!"  
(she gathers up the eggs and flounces out of the room)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Shh Susie!"

"William, you gave Daisy the warm stall last night?

William. "Yes Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne. "And you didn't forget the bedding?"

William. "No Miss Hawthorne, I left her snug as a bug last night and she is very comfortable now."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "William you remember that Miss Constance comes home tonight for her holidays -- she is bringing one of her school friends from the city -- Take the double cutter and the big bears robe when you go to the Depot to meet them."

William. "Ise got them all ready Miss Hawthorne. Ise going to give them a good drive around by the old mill -- You know that was always a favorite ride of my little Missy's, and she will like to show her friend from the city the ice piled up at the dam" McCutcheon's nigger says it is piled up twenty-five feet high, but I think it is about ten feet, yes I'll sure sho her de town. (William



THE MESSAGE

(4)

William-continued -  
goes out humming - "Den my little soul's gwine  
to shine")

Mrs. Hawthorne - (Sits silent for awhile, then we hear  
her say) "Yes darling, I hear you calling to me  
all the long day! What is wrong dear? Tell your  
Mother - (she is still listening) (pours out her  
tea and sips it, apparently listening to voices  
we cannot hear)

William\* (Enters with an armful of wood, and carefully  
puts it stick by stick in the wood box) "Did  
Miss Priscilla go out Miss Hawthorne?"

Mrs. Hawthorne\* "Yes William, I sent her to the Post Office  
to see if there was any mail."

William. "I was there this mawnin' Miss Hawthorne. Is yo  
worried about anything?"

Mrs. Hawthorne\* "Yes William, Ise been looking for news  
all day. I seem to hear Someone calling me."

William. "Well now, dat's strange Miss Hawthorne, but  
I seems to feel like dat myself. I does too,  
but I specs it is cause we is excited over  
Miss Constance coming home. Yo know I have been  
powerful lonely for dat little lady since she  
went away to school. I spose its cause I helped  
to raise her, the po little thing, she was  
such a little pickaninny when her maw Miss  
Henrietta died - I often think" -

Susie (Enters) "William you had better be getting on with  
yo work instead of thinking - what right have  
you to think, when the train's awhistling out to

THE MESSAGE

(5)

Susie - continued -

Porters' Corners - such wood to bring in, when Miss Conny's coming home too!"

William. "I suttinly am ashamed of this wood. If that white nigger Johnson comes fooling with our wood pile, I'll break every bone in" -

Susie. "What's dat you say about Mr. Johnsing? Yo is going to be late for dat train! I heard it whistle at the cross-roads a minute ago. You just let Mr. Johnsing alone, I'll attend to Mr. Johnsing."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Hush Susie!"

"Do not worry about the wood William. Go and get ready to go to the Depot. Susie open the door for Miss Priscilla, and see if she has any mail.  
(William goes out of scullery door)

Priscilla. (Comes in apprehensively - she has a telegram in her hand, which she hides in her muff, as Mrs. Hawthorne turns around) "Well Auntie are you all right?"

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Did you get any mail at the Post Office Priscilla?"

Priscilla. "No Auntie."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "That's strange, I have been thinking all day that we would get some news from the North - All day I seem to be getting messages from there."

Priscilla. "I met Mrs. Buchanan at the Post Office and she sent her love to you Aunt Elizabeth, and told me she would like you and Constance and her friend to go

THE MESSAGE

(6)

Priscilla - continued -

over there for supper. You remember you promised Jamie that he could take the girls tobogganing after they had a cup of tea."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Oh yes, so I did! That would be very nice they could go home with Jamie. I wonder if those children have brought warm clothes to go tobogganning. Priscilla you had better go upstairs and look in the big chest in the closet off Constance's room. There you will find sweaters, mittens, moccasins and stockings" - (Priscilla rises to go)

"Wait till you have a cup of tea" (rings bell - Susie comes in) "Susie make a fresh pot of tea. Your young Mistress and her friend from Toronto will be along in a few moments. Have your corn muffins ready to pop into the oven when you hear the bells. We will not open the big dining-room tonight - the children are invited out to supper, so spread our supper here as usual." "Priscilla will you please get my slippers when you are upstairs. (Pantomime of Mrs. Hawthorne listening by the fire)

Constance. <sup>the little, faded</sup> (The door is <sup>in on lip</sup> ~~thrown~~ open and Constance ~~and her~~ <sup>friend rush in</sup>) "Grandmother darling, here we ~~are~~ "Home at last"! (throwing her arms around her grandmother she hugs and kisses her repeatedly) "Oh excuse me Grandmother - may I introduce my friend Noreen Robertson - Noreen, this is my Grandmother. How did you ever see anything sweeter than my granny?"

Mrs. Hawthorne. (Greets Noreen with old fashioned curtesy)  
"You are very welcme dear. I hope you will

THE MESSAGE

(7)

Mrs. Hawthorne - continued -

enjoy yourself in our old fashioned home.  
Constance's friends are all waiting to give  
you a good time, and you will have a good  
time if you enjoy Winter sports."

Noreen. "Thank you Mrs. Hawthorne. I am so glad to  
come and see you."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Constance come here, take off your hat.  
Where are your braids?"

Constance. "Oh, they are still there grandmother -  
just covered over with fluff, because of dear  
you, they are still safely bound around my  
head. Pretty good camouflage is it not?" -  
as her Grandmother unwinds the braids - "Be  
thankful Granny dear, that they are not cut  
off, and my hair bobbed like Noreen's, for  
that is the prevailing epidemic in the city  
just now. Hello Cousin Priscilla. Miss  
Priscilla McGirr - Miss Noreen Robertson."  
(William enters piled high with bundles, he  
is making his way upstairs, when Constance  
stops him) "William put down those bundles  
and come here."  
"Grandmother, you never saw anyone so dignified  
as William down at the Station! Why he hardly  
looked at me!" Come here William, and be properly  
introduced. Noreen, this is William, and he's  
the best old soul. He helped to raise me -  
didn't he Grandmother? He carried me or my  
bundles around all his life, just like he is  
doing now."



THE MESSAGE

(8)

William. (Grinning) "No! Not all my life Miss Constance, but all yo life!"  
(Then with a profound bow to Freen)  
"How do you do Miss - Ise glad to make yo acquaintance. Yo is mighty welcome. I know you must be a lady or you wouldn't be here."

Susie. (Enters with tray for tea) "How de do Miss Conny."

Constance (Curtseys) "Here's Susie! What you got inside that muffin dish Susie? I bet a million dollars them corn muffins an potato cakes."

Susie. "Yo wins yo bet Miss Conny, they is, and yo better get to eating them - they is turning cold from neglect. All they needs is your sweet lips atastin' them to make them grow hot again."  
"William (who is trying to get a chance to speak) You go and attend to yo own business - you better put yo horse away."

William. (Ignoring Susie) "Miss Constance, I got a very particular message to deliver to yo."

Constance. "Yes William".

William. "Have you got a minute to listen?"

Constance. "Yes William."

William. "Dick Green is home from the war. You remember he was Miss Paul Freen's batman away over here in France. He's home now and he's brought a message for you from France, going close to Constance) and he's brought a present for you."

THE MESSAGE

(9)

Constance. "Hush William" - Dick Green home - splendid old Dick - Uncle Eddie told me there was no holding him in the pen when the war broke out, and when he heard the Cavalry Brigade was going, he became positively ungovernable."

William. "Yes, dat's so Miss Constance. Dick he say "Let me out of here - I got as good a right to serve my Country as anyone. Let me out of here - I chose to take care of Narse Paul's horse (he said, I'll come back after the war is over, if I'm alive, and go back in the pen, if you want me to, but I am going to have this chance to prove that my Soul is white, even if my body is black!" Dat's right Miss Constance, dat's right, and dey let him out and off he went to de front with de first contingent."

Constance. "Do you hear Noreen? That old nigger(excuse me William) went off to the war, one of the first to go and one of the last to return. Listen! Noreen, that's not the end of it. He has brought his Master's horse home and they both have decorations! Hooray! That's one of the war records we are proud of in this old town, and we have two U.S.'s besides!"

Noreen. "Out of the pen! Do you mean the Penitentiary Constance? Is that what you said?"

Constance. "Yes, that is what I said, and that is what I mean. He got in there by mistake, instead

THE MESSAGE

(10)

Constance.- continued -

of the other fellow, Uncle Eddie says, and Uncle Eddie knows."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Constance darling, don't get so excited."

Constance. "But Grandmother, just let me tell Noreen one thing more about Dick. We have known Dick all our lives haven't we Grandmother?"

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes, dear."

Constance. "Well, you know Noreen, when I was a wee little girl, we used to go up the lakes every year, on the "Nancy Jane" - Well, Dick was head cook on that boat, and one day he put me on the dumb waiter, and sent me down into the kitchen to get a little pie he had made for me. After that I went every day for a ride on the dumb waiter, and every day I found at the end of my journey a pie or taffy or candy made specially for me."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Have another cup of tea, Noreen, is it to your liking?"

Noreen. "Thank you Mrs. Hawthorne it is delicious."

Constance. (Susie enters with hot water) "Susie please come and tell our fortunes, and Grandmother won't strain the tea this time" (Constance goes over to William, who comes in with some more bundles) "Back from the war with news from Paul, what did you say about a present William?" (and she directs him to place bundles on sofa at the left) "Susie, please tell Noreen's fortune first, she

THE MESSAGE

(11)

Constance - continued -  
is so temperamental she cannot wait."

Susie. (Studying Noreen's cup) "I see here a very fair person with a golden head, and something very heavy hanging over it."

Constance. "Susie, you are a witch - that's the Prince with the golden head. The Prince of Wales - and that's the crown of England he's threatened with. I believe it is hanging heavy, heavy over his golden head. We all fell in love with him in Toronto. He danced and danced with Noreen, and ever since her temperature has either been sub-normal or over 100. I tell you it is pretty hard on all her friends. I have brought her up here to be cured of the Prince."

Noreen. (In a dreamy far away tone) "I don't want to be cured - He is just a dear boy. He told me he wished he was a cow-boy. He wants to have fun like other boys and he's got to be a King! I'd like to know who would want to be a King these days. They are all getting their heads knocked off. "What else do you see Susie?"

Susie. "I see a long long hill to climb - a long long hill! Let me look at yo hand honey - Here's love, here's ambition. Your heart will lead, but my! Yo is fond of luxury, and an easy time, but sho as yo like Miss yo has a long long hill to climb."

Constance. "Nonsense Susie! You will scare her to death! That long long hill is the toboggan slide. I hear Jamie's call this minute (and she answers the yodle-like summons from without by an answer from within)



THE MESSAGE

(12)

- Constance . "William open the door for Jamie Buchanan" This is the boy I told you about Noreen - He's the cleverest boy in Grey County"(Jamie is ushered in) He is undoubtedly country bory and bred - very wholesome to look at, but very shy) "Hello Jamie! Well! How you have grown! I tell you it is grand to see a real genuine boy again - Noreen, you remember me telling you about the chap who won the Prince of Wales' Scholarship (she will like you for that. He will be at the University next year."

Jamie Buchanan. "How do you do Miss Robertson. Glad to see you home again Constance. We have all missed you terribly, especially the Three tree gang - Good evening Mrs. Hawthorne, oh, I forgot I brought back your gad-about"(He takes a white rabbit out of his pocket and places it in Mrs. Hawthorne's lap) This wanderer could give you news of the underworld because he's been burrowing in the roots of things" (laughter)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Jamie, stop making fun of me."

Constance . "Now Jamie, don't begin talking to Grandmother about things we do not understand."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Come here Jamie, and tell me how your mother is - Thank her for the kind invitation to supper. I will be very pleased to have the girls go - I want them to have a good time and I am depending on you for help. Today I am not very good company for young people!"( The girls are by this time trying on caps and sweaters. Irisclilla Redirr comes in from the hail with an armful of practical looking woollens. - In the struggle to release the shawl-strap, a cuilja board slips out and rolls with a clatter on the floor)

THE MESSAGE

(13)

William. "Fo de Lawd's sake, what dat Miss Constance?

Noreen. "Oh William! That's a Cuija Board, and William, it tells you all about the living and brings you messages from the dead!"

William. (Scared to death) "Ive seed the picture of one in Eaton's Catalogue! Brings back messages from ~~the~~ daid? I tell you there is a heap of messages I'd like to get just now, but I'd rather hear from the living than the daid today. Ise ben reading about Sir Cliver Lodge, and the Twentieth Plane, and the Angel at Mons, and the Three Horsemen and the Choir Invisible" -

Constance. "Put it away Noreen, I am sure Grandmother would not like William or Susie to try it."

William, "Ask her if I can Miss Constance - I've been hearing a lot of things lately and I'd like to be up to date on this spirit business, like the Mistress."

Noreen. "Does she believe in this?"

William. "No, I expec she's past this. I heard her say that Spirit with Spirit can meet. I don't know exactly what she means by dat, but she does, or else wouldn't say it. I think she gets messages some other way, but I never heard her say Spirits talked to her - she gets messages from the living and she says that when we need help from the other world that Love will find a way - Oh, no, Miss Hawthorne does not believe in the things folks is doing nowadays!

THE MESSAGE

(14)

William - continued -

Look at her now, I specs she is telling Jamie  
about our bran new calf."

Constance. "William have we got a calf? You didn't tell me  
about that."

William. "Oh, what a steopid ah am, that was to be a surprise  
when you went hunting for fresh eggs in the mawmin'  
but I was so excited over this board I went and  
blabbed it out."

Constance. (Goes over to her grandmother)

"Grandmother, William tells me we have a bran new  
calf, and what else Grandmother?" (Petting her)

"You are such a pet. Come on darling upstairs with  
me for a minute, but before you go dear, you won't  
mind Noreen showing Jamie and William how to work  
the Ouija Board? It is such fun Grandmother dear."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "No Constance, if they only have fun with it,  
but look at William's face now. (William stands  
over the Ouija Board in terrified contemplation)  
"He is so much a child, with the imagination of a  
child, and the superstition of his race as well."  
(Mrs. Hawthorne and Constance go out)

William. (at a sign from Constance)

"Sit down William and place your hands here.  
Now go ahead - who would you like to speak to?"

William. "Ise been bothered all day and so is Miss Hawthorne.  
I'd like to speak to Marse Hawthorne and ask him  
if all dis fambly am well, but since I heard that  
nigger of McCutcheons talk about de wee ged board,  
Ise afraid of it. He says dat dey gets all sorts  
of messages from de wee geeases, but he's a liar,

THE MESSAGE

(15)

William - continued -

for he says "We won de war": When he talks like dat I feel like I want to gag him."

Noreen. "Sit down William, and place your hands here, now go ahead, we will ask Ouija who won the war."

William. "No Miss Noreen, I would like to speak to Marse Hawthorne first."

Noreen. "All right William, ask for Mr. Hawthorne."

William. "Marse Hawthorne is yo dere?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - yes!"

William. "Is - yo - sho - yo - is dere Marse Hawthorne?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - yes!"

Susie. (Who has been watching the proceedings in unfeigned terror)  
"Fo de Lawd's sake! Look how his hands are trembling! Is yo sho Miss Noreen dat Marse Hawthorne am dere? How do you feel William? Is yo scared?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes."

William. "Marse Hawthorne, is all yo fambly well?"

Noreen. "Yes - it - says - Yes."

William. "Yes - it - says - Yes, Ise glad to hear dat, ~~some~~ all day Miss Hawthorne she's getting messages and Ise kind of feeling myself that something was wrong - Fo de Lawd's sake! I feel mighty queer! Yes I guess I is scared. Don't you come too near us Susie you couldn't stand it.



## (16)

Jamie. "No I never had the chance."

THE MESSAGE

(17)

Noreen. "You have it now."

Jamie. "Now I don't want it -

Susie. "I know who I want to speak to when I get the chance."

Noreen. (Apprehensively watching Susie) "Who Susie?"

Susie. (Bursting out crying) "The Mistress knows" -

William. (Now growing more and more excited - his hands wandering all over the Ouija Board - calls in a loud voice) "Marse Lincoln is yo still dere! Oh, Marse Lincoln what - yo - say - who - won - de - war? What's dat I am spelling out?"

Noreen. (Spelling slowly) "W - E - W-O-N - T-H-E - W-A-R."

William. "WE! Oh - who - is - WE? I wish Miss Hawthorne was here - who is "WE".

Mrs. Hawthorne. (Entering - in a quiet voice) "WE are the dead".

William. (Jumping up from the table) "Fo God's Sake who said dem words? Was dat yo Miss Hawthorne? Did you speak?

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes, William, I got the message for you. - "We are the dead" - Yes, They are the only winners of the war - They only died that we might live - and they have won. Put the board away Jamie."

Noreen. "Don't touch this board. I'll put it away."

William. (Trembling with excitement) "Oh Miss Hawthorne, Miss Hawthorne, Ise so excited over dat board, please don't put it away."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "There is no need to be excited William. That bit of wood in your hands does just what you want it to do."

## THE MESSAGE

William. "Oh Miss Hawthorne, if we could get some message from our friends over the river."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "I believe we can William. I believe that Spirit with Spirit can meet, and if we are spiritual we may receive these Spirit messages, but whether they use our language or not I am still in doubt, and I never can believe that they will come in that way - No they will - never - come - that way. But this I know, you can hear from the living even though you are separated by land and sea."

William. "Yes I knows that too. I remembers the night you heered young Master Albert calling to you."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes William, go along I hear that little calf a calling you."

Constance. "But Grandmother tell Noreen about that please do."

Jamie. "I've always wanted to know about that too."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Sit down children, and I will tell you, for all day I have been hearing some one call to me."

"A long time ago when I was a young woman, I went away to Colorado. I had not been away very long when my young brother, a great tall boy of sixteen followed me into that far country. "I cannot live without you Sis, he said and I ran away to find you". What to do with the boy was the question?

That night Mr. Kester, a sheep rancher was going back to his ranch and with him went my brother to herd sheep, and live in the open, for he needed that. Two weeks after I was awakened by a cry, and

THE MESSAGE

(19)

Mrs. Hawthorne - continued -

and springing from my bed, I called out "Yes dear, I am here. What do you want? "Help" he said. On that very night, and at that very minute, my brother was in danger of being swept over the Alkali Cliffs! The wind began to blow, and the sheep invariably moved before the wind, began to travel fast towards the cliff - My brother on the Burro's back was being swept before them. I thought of you, said he, and immediately I heard the words "Send the dog over their backs, tell him to kill the Bell Wether". I did and the sheep turned to follow the movements of the dog, and we were saved!"

Jamie. "Thank you Mrs. Hawthorne, that is a fine illustration of telepathy."

Noreen. "What do you mean by telepathy?"

Jamie. "Getting messages from the living."

Noreen. "But they get messages from the dead too. I have heard of many cases."

Jamie. "I have never heard of one that could not be explained by telepathy or mind reading."

Noreen. "But I have, Sir Cliver Lodge believes in it, so does Conan Doyle and many others."

Jamie. "I know they do, I've read a good deal of their stuff, but it does not amount to anything. What do you think Mrs. Hawthorne do you believe we can get messages from the dead?"



THE MESSAGE

(20)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "I don't know, it doesn't seem as if it would be impossible if our ears were keen enough to hear. I often think about it, but I cannot recall ever having received a definite message from the dead - yet there are indefinite impressions, strange feelings that come to me sometimes that I have been in touch with those who have gone before. Beyond that I cannot say."

Jamie. "There you are Miss Noreen. If anybody could get messages from the dead Mrs. Hawthorne could. Won't you tell us some more?"

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Not today, I must be listening for today there is another call. 'Tis time for your slide, so off you go."

Constance. "All right Grandmother, dear."

Noreen. "Thank you Mrs. Hawthorne."

Mrs. Hawthorne. "Jamie, do not trust to the old slide, the sides are rotting - take care of the girls, and may you all have a jolly time."

Constance. "Say good-night to Grandmother now - you will be asleep won't you dear when we get home? Good night dear. Ah there's Jamie at his old tricks." (And she kisses the girls and then Jamie)

Mrs. Hawthorne. "I will go to the door with you" (Exit Mrs. Hawthorne)

Priscilla. (Enters with Mrs. Hawthorne's slippers from hall

THE MESSAGE

(21)

Priscilla - continued -

door - Susie from kitchen door with cloth which she lays for supper.

William follows with tray with blue dishes.

Priscilla lays slippers by the fire, then comes to the table and opens telegram, and hands it to

William - William carefully puts on spectacles and reads in a trembling voice -)

William. "Samuel very ill - no hope!"

"Marse Samuel very ill no hope! Now isn't that just what I asked that board?" I said "Is all our fambly well?" "Dat fool board it say "Yes" that's all it did say. That boards a liar and will go where all liars go. It will make good kindling wood."

Susie. "Oh dear, dear, who is going to tell the Mistress?"

William. "Nobody - she done knows.

Lordy, how she do get the news befo anybody else, no need to sho her this, she knows. Dis mawnin' she said to me, "if we get any bad news from the North today, no need to tell the children, William, they will have trouble enuff" dat's what she said, so I'll just put it up here täll de mawnin'."

Susie. "Dat fool board William - it say "Yes" when you ast it if all our fambly well!"

William. "Yes, all it did say was "Yes" to everything. Marse Samuel dangerously ill, like as not he is daid now."

Priscilla. "Hush! Listen!"

Mrs. Hawthorne. (Enters with her arms full of baby clothes, which she carries lovingly)

"Look, Priscilla! These are his little clothes. You remember the day he was born into this life, the

THE MESSAGE

(22)

- Mrs. Hawthorne. little lad who came in time for his father to go and preach. You remember William.
- William. "Sho I said "Marse Hawthorne he done preach a wonderful sermon that day, about a little child shall lead dem".
- Mrs. Hawthorne. "All day I have been thinking of that little one born so long ago - How long ago is it?"
- William. "Nigh on fifty years, Miss Hawthorne."
- Mrs. Hawthorne. "The little one we made such dainty garments for" Look Priscilla - he must have been my first born, because there did not seem to be time to do such things for the other ones, they came so fast - -  
All day I seem to hear him calling, all day I seem to feel his chubby hands about my face, such little hot hands. All day I seem to have a restless little baby laid against my heart, tugging at my breast - that dear little child, born so long ago. This is his little Christening robe Priscilla."
- Priscilla. "What was that baby's name?"
- Mrs. Hawthorne. "His - name - was - Samuel."
- William. "Yes, Marse Samuel was dat baby's name."
- Mrs. Hawthorne. "Yes, William, your little Master has been in my arms all day - you remember you used to sing him to sleep - I will just hold my baby in my arms till you sing him to sleep."

THE MESSAGE

(25)

William.

(Goes on quietly setting the table and humming softly) "Deep River I am going to pass over Jordan Deep River" -

Mrs. Hawthorne.

"Bring the Book William" (William brings it and reverently places it on the table in front of his Mistress, then he and Susie sit in the chairs on either side of the window. Priscilla sits on the footstool in front of her Mistress, while Mrs. Hawthorne reads in a lovely quiet voice) "In my Father's House are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you, I go to prepare a place for you."

(The room has grown darker, until only Mrs. Hawthorne's face is seen, then all is flooded with a golden light. Mrs. Hawthorne stretches out her arms and her face shines as if transfigured. She gets the message that her child has passed over the River)

Slow Curtain.

The End.



THE MESSAGE

by

ALAN SCOTT RUSSELL

---

"Spirit with Spirit can meet,  
closer are they than breathing,  
nearer than hands or feet."

Alfred Tennyson.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hawthorne  
 Constance Hawthorne . . . . . her granddaughter  
 Priscilla McGirr . . . . . niece and companion  
 to Mrs. Hawthorne  
 William Ringo . . . . . family servant-man  
 and boy for fifty  
 years

The scene is laid in Mrs. Hawthorne's home in a small  
 Ontario town at the present time.

### THE MESSAGE

Twilight in Mrs. Hawthorne's living room. It is simply  
 furnished, (on the right is a couch before the fire.  
 Behind the couch a wood box, an oval centie-table in  
 centre and at the left side an old fashioned sofa  
 against the wall.

Right door opens into hallway leading into kitchen,  
 left hand door opens into hall leading outside. Between  
 windows between the doors have dainty china vases,  
 flowering bulbs fill the entire length of the window.  
 A chair on either side of window between the doors -  
 the colors of mauve and gray predominate.)

Mrs. Hawthorne, a dainty fragile old lady over seventy  
 is seated before the fire. She is dressed in a quaint  
 red silk, with rare old lace at her throat and  
 wrists. She is listening to someone invisible.

Mrs. Hawthorne: (To herself) I know, I know. Tell your mother  
 is wrong! (She goes over to the window, draws the  
 curtains aside and looks out. She picks up the flowers  
 on the window sill, waters some from a watering can  
 on the floor near by. William puts his head in the  
 door to plant out some flowers with her. She looks  
 at him and says.)  
 Priscilla, Priscilla!

Priscilla: (enters) Yes Auntie.

Mrs. Hawthorne: I wish you would go down to the post office and  
 see if there is any mail.

Priscilla: But I was there this morning Auntie!

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, but you said the train from the North was not in.

Priscilla: Are you expecting a letter?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, I feel today I should get a message. All day long someone has been calling to me. (Again William's head appears at the scullery door and then he hums:)

William: Ien my little soul's gwine to shine. Ien my little soul's . . . . .

Priscilla: All right, Auntie. I will go on down to the Post Office. The train may be late so be sure and have William bring in your tea if I am not back in time.

(William's head again appears in the scullery door and a tap is heard)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Come in, William.

William: (An old negro enters - he carries in his hand a bag, evidently filled with eggs by the care exercised - putting it down in the little table in front of Mrs. Hawthorne, he carefully putson a pair of tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, and after examining an egg closely, he says) Look, Miss Hawthorne! Dat's the old spec's egg! (Chuckling) She's got busy again - Yes, dat's her egg. Looks to me as if three more of them is earning their board and keeping down the high cost of living. Look at them beauties! (Lays eggs in Mrs. Hawthorne's lap) - Yes, and i see to myself.- Miss Hawthorne will be glad to know that Daisy's got the dandiest little calf I ever saw, for sure's I live Miss Hawthorne, when I goes into the barn this mawnin' there is a fine little red calf glegled up close to Dairy's side; thing's lookin' up!

Mrs. Hawthorne: William, you gave Daisy the warm stall last night?

William: Yes, Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne: And you didn't forget the milking?

William: No, Miss Hawthorne, I left her milk pail last night and she is very comfortable now.

Mrs. Hawthorne: William, you remember that Miss Hawthorne is home tonight for her holidays - Take the double cutter and the big bear's robe when you go to the



Depot to meet her.

William: Ise got them all ready, Miss Hawthorne. Ise going to drive around by the old mill to show Missy the ice piled up at the dam. McCutcheon's niggeh says it is piled up twenty-five feet high, but I expect it's about ten. Yesm I'll shew her de town. (William goes out humming:) Den my little soul's gwine to shine . . .

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Sits silent for awhile, then speaks) Yes darling, I hear you; calling to me all the long day! What is wrong, dear? Tell your mother, she is listening. (She is apparently listening to voices we cannot hear.)

William: (Enters with an armful of wood, and carelessly puts it stick by stick in the wood box.) Did Miss Priscilla go out, Miss Hawthorne?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I sent her to the Post Office to see if there was any mail.

William: I was there myself this mawnin', Miss Hawthorne. Is yo worried about anything?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, William, I have been looking for news all day. I seem to hear Someone calling me!

William: Well now, dat's strange, Miss Hawthorne, but I seems to feel like dat myself, but I specs it is cause we is excited over Miss Constantine coming home. Yo know I have been powerful lonely for dat little lady since she went away to school. I spose its cause I helped to raise her; po little thing, she was such a little chickeninny when her maw Miss Henrietta died. I often think of her but I must be looking up.

Priscilla: (Enters) apprehensively with a telegram which she reads. (She looks over her shoulder to see if she is alone, then she looks at the telegram and her face becomes pale.) The old fellow is getting on; the birds whistling out at Porter's Corners; such a fine day for a walk. (She looks at the telegram again and her face becomes even paler.)

William: I settingly am ashamed of this wood. If dat white nigger Johnsing come round here 'scilla' with our scupile, I'll break every bone in his body.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Hush. Do not worry about the wood, William. (William goes out of scullery door.) Did you get any mail at the Post Office, Priscilla?

Priscilla: No, Auntie.

Mrs. Hawthorne:

Mrs. Hawthorne: That's strange. I have been thinking all day that we would get some news from the North. All day I seem to be getting messages from there.

Priscilla: I met Mrs. Buchanan at the Post Office and she sent her love to you, Aunt Elizabeth, and told me she would like you and Constance to go over there for supper. You remember you promised Jamie that he could take Conny tobogganing after she had a cup of tea.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Oh, yes, so I did! That would be very nice. We would go with Jamie, but today I must stay at home. Priscilla, will you please get my slippers when you are upstairs? (Priscilla goes out, continuing to talk, Mrs. Hawthorne listening by the fire.) quietly talking. (5 minutes later) Then slight bells and street sounds.

Constance: (The door is quietly pushed open and Constance comes in on tiptoe and covers her grandmother's eyes with her hands.) Grandmother, darling, here I am home at last! (Priscilla enters and wraps her grandmother in hugs and kisses her repeatedly.)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, come here, take off your hat. Where are your braids?

Constance: Oh, they are still there, Grandmother - just covered over with snow. Because of you they are still safely tucked around my head. Pretty good for us here, granny, is it not? (as her grandmother unwinds the braids). So beautiful, among you, that they are not yet. That is the terrible epidemic in the city just now. Hello, Cousin Priscilla.

(Priscilla goes to get tea.)

(William enters, piled high with bundles he is walking the way upstairs, when Constance stops him.)

Constance: William, how do you do, Miss Conny. Ise glad to see you. (William looks at her and then at the bundles.) William: Hello, Constance! Why, he hardly looked at me! (William looks at the bundles.)

William: Hello, how do you do, Miss Conny. Ise glad to see you. (William looks at her and then at the bundles.) William: Hello, Constance! Why, he hardly looked at me! (William looks at the bundles.)

Priscilla: William, you had better put your things away.

William: (Ignoring her) Miss Constance, I got a very particular message to deliver to you.

Constance: Yes, William?

William: Has<sup>d</sup> you got time to listen?

Constance: Yes, William.

William: Dick Green is come home from the <sup>east-</sup>~~war~~. You remember he was Miss Paul Fomeroy's boy when they were in France. He's home now and he's brought a message to you from France (going close to Constance) and he's brought a present for you.

Constance: Hush, William - Dick Green home? Evidently all right. Uncle Eddie told me there was no holding him in the pen when the war broke out.

Priscilla: In the pen? Do you mean the penitentiary, Constance?

Constance: Yes, that is what I said. He got in there by mistake, instead of the other fellow, Uncle Eddie said. (William escapes through hall door convulsed with laughter.)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, darling, don't get so excited.

Constance: Grandmother, but just let me tell Cousin Priscilla one thing more about Dick. We have known Dick all our life, haven't we, Grandmother?

Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, dear.

Constance: Well, you know, Priscilla, when I was a wee little girl, we used to go up the Lakes every year on the "Money Jane" - Well, Dick was head cock on that boat, and one day . . .

Mrs. Hawthorne: Never mind that now Constance. Have a cup of tea.

Constance: Priscilla will be with her - Priscilla, please and tell my fortune.

Priscilla: I will be a long hill to climb and . . . Let me hold your hand. Here's love, here's ambition. I will lead, but you are very fond of an easy time.

Constance: Priscilla! You will scare me to death! That hill is the toboggan slide.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Now, you must be off to the slide; Jamie will be here in a minute, and you must be ready for him. I am not very good company for young people today.

(Constance is by this time trying on cap and sweater. Priscilla is sitting on the floor with an ouija board or winter frother. In releasing a shawl-strap a ouija board slips out and rolls with a clatter on the floor.)



William: Fo de Lawd's sake, what's dat, Miss Constance?

Constance: That's a ouija board, William, and it tells you all about the living and brings you messages from the dead!

William: (Scared to death) I've seed the picture of one in Eaton's Catalogue! Brings back messages from de daid? I tell you there is a heap of messages I'd like to get just now, but I'd rather hear from the living than the daid today. Ise ben reading about Sir Oliver Lodge, and the Twentieth Plane, and the Angels at Montreal and the Three Horsemen and the Choir Invisible -

Constance: Put it away, Priscilla, I am sure Grandmother would not like William to try it.

William: Ast her if I can, Miss Constance - I've been hearing a lot of things lately and I'd like to be up to date on this spirit business, like the mistress.

Constance: She doesn't believe in this!

William: No, Ah expect she's away past this. Ah heard her say once dat Spirit with Spirit can meet. Ah don know exactly what she means by dat, but she does, or else she wouldn't say it. Ah never heard her say spirits talked to her - she sutingly gets messages from the livin' though and she says that when we need help from the other world that Love will find a way. Oh, no! Miss Hawthorne is not interested in the things folks is talking about now days. Our brain now self an' our things interests her more'n the things she sees in the papers.

Constance: William, have we got a calf? You didn't tell me about that.

William: Oh, what a stoopid Ah am, that was to be a surprise when Ah went huntin' for fresh eggs in the mawnin', Ah was so excited over this board Ah went and forgot it out.

Constance: (Runs over to her grandmother)  
Grandmother, William tells me we have a brand new calf. You must give it to me tomorrow. (Calling her.) You won't mind me asking William how to work the ouija board until Julie comes? It is such fun, Grandmother dear.

Mrs. Hawthorne: No, Constance, if you only have fun with it; but look at William's face now! (William stands over the Ouija board in terrified contemplation) He is such a child, with the imagination of a child, and the superstition



of his race as well. (Mrs. Hawthorne and Priscilla go out.)

Constance: Sit down William, and place your hands here. Now go ahead - who would you like to speak to?

William: Ise been bothered all day and so is Marse Hawthorne. I'd like to speak to Marse Hawthorne and ast him if all dis fambly am well, but since I heard dat speech of McCutcheon's talk about de wee gee heard, Ise scared of it. He says dat dey gets all sorts of messages from de wee geeses, but den he's a liar, for he says: "We won de war!" When he talks like dat I feel like I want to gag him! (Priscilla enters.)

Constance: Now, William, place your hands here and go ahead. Perhaps Ouija will tell you who won the war.

William: No, Miss, I would like to speak to Marse Hawthorne.

Constance: All right. See if Mr. Hawthorne will speak to you.

William: Marse Hawthorne, is yo dere?

Constance: Yes - it says - yes!

William: Is - yo - sho - yo - is dere, Marse Hawthorne?

Constance: Yes, it-says - Yes!

William: Marse Hawthorne, is all yo fambly well?

Constance: Yes - it - says - yes.

William: Yes - it - says - yes. Ise glad to hear dat. Since all day Miss Hawthorne, she's getting messages and Ise kind of feelin' myself that something was wrong.

Constance: Are you scared, William?

William: Yes, I is, Miss Priscilla. You go away you is too young. De Lawd's sake! I feel mighty queer! Yes, I guess Ise scared.

Constance: Is there anyone else you would like to speak to, William?

William: Indeed there is Miss. Ever since McCutcheon's speech, Ise been bothered. He says dat dey gets all sorts of messages from de wee geeses, but den he's a liar, for he says: "We won de war!" When he talks like dat I feel like I want to gag him! (Priscilla enters.)

Constance: Alright, William, ask to speak to Mr. Abraham Lincoln.

William: I like to do dat. Marse Lincoln, I like to speak to yo' Sir, if yo' please.

Constance: That's right, William.

William: Is yo dere, Marse Lincoln?

Constance: Yes - it - says - Yes!

William: Marse Lincoln, who won de war?

Priscilla: That Ouija Board is just pure imposition - when I read Sir Oliver Lodge's speech I found that out. He said the Ouija Boards with automatic writers may be alright, but most of the results were from the subconscious mind, and people were too prone to believe what they got from that source. Why would anyone bother with these or any speeches the so-called Spirits have given to the world? Nothing they have ever said has been worth a row of pins to humanity.

Constance: (Apprehensively watching William) I suppose we had better stop, William.

William: (Growing more and more excited) calls in a loud voice): Marse Lincoln, is yo still dere. Oh! Marse Lincoln, what do yo - say - Who - won - de - war? What's dat I am spelling out?

First rule: (Spelling slowly) We - W - O - N - T - h - e -  
W - A - R .

William: WE! - Oh - who - is - WE?

S. ... (Entering - in a quiet voice):  
We are the dead!

1. What is the main purpose of the document?

William: Oh, Miss Newt eras, If de only could get more  
message from our friends over de river.

Mrs. Hawthorne: I believe we can. (To Constance). I believe that spirit with spirit can meet, and if we are spiritual we may receive these Spirit messages, but whether they use our language or not I am still in doubt. I never can believe that they will come in that way - No, they will - never - come - that way. But this I know, you can hear from the living even though you are separated by land and sea.

William: Yes, I knows dat too. I remembah de old time hehd young Mastah Albert callin' to you.

Mrs. Hart (sings): Yes, William. Go along. I hear that little girl  
a-calling you. (William goes out.)

Deaghtore: That was that about, Ben Motie? I would like to hear about that.

18. Number 2: Sit down for a minute and I will tell you. A long time ago, when I was a young woman, I went away to Colorado. I had not been away very long when my young brother, a great tall boy of sixteen, followed me into that far country.

"I cannot live without you, Sis," he said, "and I ran away to find you." What to do with the boy was the question.

That night Mr. Kester, a sheep rancher, was going back to his ranch and with him went my brother to herd sheep, and live in the open, - for he needed that.

Two weeks after I was awakened by a cry, and springing from my bed, I called out: "Yes, dear, I am here. What do you want?"

"Help," he said.

[illegible]

Principle: That is a fine illustration of tempering. Isn't it?

Mrs. Hawthorne: I suppose so; and today I have also been getting indefinite messages, and I am wondering what they foretell.

Constance: What do you mean by telepathy?

Priscilla: Getting messages from the living.

Constance: But you can get messages from the dead, too. I have heard of many cases.

Priscilla: I have never heard of one that could not be explained by telepathy or mind-reading.

Constance: But I have. Sir Oliver Lodge believes in it, so does Conan Doyle and many others.

Priscilla: I know they do. I've read a good deal about it, but it does not amount to anything. What do you think, Auntie? Do you believe we can get messages from the dead?

Mrs. Hawthorne: I don't know, it doesn't seem as if it would be impossible if our ears were keen enough to hear. I often think about it, but I cannot recall ever having received a definite message from the dead - yet there are indefinite impressions, strange feelings that come to me sometimes that I have been in touch with those who have gone before. Beyond that I cannot say.

Priscilla: (Triumphantly) There you are, Constance. If anybody could get messages from the dead, Auntie could. (Priscilla goes out.)

Mrs. Hawthorne: Today there is another call. 'Tis time for your slide, Connie, so off you go. I hear the bells on Jamie's horse.

Constance: Thank you, Grandmother.

Mrs. Hawthorne: Constance, do not go on the old slide; the sides are rotting. You can have a jolly time on the long hill.

Constance: Good-night, Grandmother, dear - you will be asleep when I come back. (Kisses her.)

Mrs. Hawthorne: I will go to the door with you. (Exit Mrs. Hawthorne.)

Priscilla: (Enters with Mrs. Hawthorne's slippers from hall door. William follows with tray with tea dishes. Priscilla puts slippers by the fire, then goes to the table and opens telegram, and hands it to William. (William carefully puts on spectacles and



and reads in a trembling voice.)

William: 'Samuel very ill - no hope!' - Marse Samuel very ill; no hope! - Now isn't dat just what I ast dat board? 'Is all our fambly well?' Dat fool t'ing say 'Yes'. Dats all it did say. Dat board's good for kindlin' wood!

Priscilla: Who will tell Auntie? I am afraid it will kill her.

William: Nobody - she knows. Lordy, how she do get the news befo anybody else, no need to sho her dis. Only dis mawnin' she said to me: "If we get bad news from the North today dey is no need to tell the chillen, William, dey'll have trouble soon enuff." Dat's what she said, so I'll just put it up here till de mawnin'. - Marse Samuel dangerously ill! Like as not he is daid by now.

Priscilla: Hush! Listen!

Mrs. Hawthorne: (Enters with her arms full of baby clothes: which she carried lovingly)  
Look, Priscilla! These are his little clothes. You remember the day he was born into this life, the little lad who came in time for his father to go and preach. You remember, William, what you said when you came home from church?

William: Sholy. I said: "Marse Hawthorne he done preach a wonnerful powerful sermon dis day, about a little chile shall lead dem."

Mrs. Hawthorne: All day I have been thinking of that little one born so long ago - How long ago is it William?

William: Nigh on fifty years, Miss Hawthorne.

Mrs. Hawthorne: The little one we made such dainty garments for. Look, Priscilla - he must have been my first-born, because there did not seem to be time to do such things for the other ones, they came so fast . . . All day I seem to hear him calling; all day I seem to feel his chubby hands about my face, such little hot hands. All day I seem to have a restless little baby laid against my heart, tugging at my breast - that dear little child, born so long ago. This is his Christening robe.

Priscilla: What was that baby's name?

Mrs. Hawthorne: His - name - was - Samuel.

William: Marse Samuel was dat baby's name.

1753



Mrs. Hawthorne: Yes, that little baby has been in my arms all day -  
I will just sing him to sleep.

William: (Goes on quietly setting the table and humming  
softly): Deep River, I am going to pass over  
Jordan, Deep River . . . .

Mrs. Hawthorne: Bring the Book, William. (William brings the Book  
and reverently places it on the table in front of  
his mistress, then he sits in the chair at ~~the~~  
side of the window. Priscilla sits on the footstool  
in front of her Aunt, while Mrs. Hawthorne reads in  
a lovely quiet voice): In my Father's House are  
Many Mansions . .

(The room has grown darker, until only Mrs. Hawthorne's  
face is seen, then all is flooded with a golden light.  
Mrs. Hawthorne stretches out her arms and her face  
shines as if transfigured. She gets the message that  
her child has passed over the River.)

Slow Curtain

The End.



The **Margaret Eaton School Digital Collection** is a not-for-profit resource created in 2014-2015 to assist scholars, researchers, educators and students to discover the Margaret Eaton School archives housed in the Peter Turkstra Library at Redeemer University College. Copyright of the digital images is the property of Redeemer University College, Ancaster, Canada and the images may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email digital images for individual non-commercial use. To learn more about this project or to search the digital collection, go to <http://libguides.redeemer.ca/mes>



The **Margaret Eaton School Digital Collection** is a not-for-profit resource created in 2014-2015 to assist scholars, researchers, educators and students to discover the Margaret Eaton School archives housed in the Peter Turkstra Library at Redeemer University College. Copyright of the digital images is the property of Redeemer University College, Ancaster, Canada and the images may not be copied or emailed to multiple sites without the copyright holder's express written permission. However, users may print, download, or email digital images for individual non-commercial use. To learn more about this project or to search the digital collection, go to <http://libguides.redeemer.ca/mes>